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NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

FOR 1859.

This the closing evening of the year,
And the rejoicing bells,
On all their mirth, yet leave upon the ear
The echo of farewells.

Some who, dreaming, saw a grave, and reads
His own name on the stone,
Start we, marking how our lifetime speeds—
Behold, the year is gone!

The far red clouds are edged with chilly white,
Like roses tipt with frost,
The new behind the frigid hills of night
The pallid sun is lost,

And the night cometh;—as some sculptured saint
Might leave, all pale and cold,
Its marble niche in some cathedral quaint,
Full of the ghosts of old,

And walk among the shadows still and drear,
When day and darkness meet,
And pausing, lest perchance some wakeful ear
Note his unwonted feet,—

So comes the night;—trailing her mantle-folds
Over the hills and wolds,
Duly she walks, without one sighing breath,
And, pausing, listeneth
Within the waiting darkness, she may hear
The feet of the NEW YEAR.

How kindly soft and white
Lies the pure snow upon the patient earth,
Hiding the autumn's poverty and dearth,
And folding out of sight
The poor dead roses, and dry clover-heads,
The bleached and tattered shreds
Of brown ears drifting down the garden walks,
And the bare, broken stalks
Blown about the rifled flower-beds.

How beautiful is the snow!
Whether in pure and clustering wreaths it falls
Without the dying motion slow
Upon the threshold of the rich man's door,
Or rifts through broken walls,
Dismantling wintry woe,
Upon the shivering children of the poor,
How beautiful is the snow!

Thus whitely lay the snow
Upon the cold earth, chilly and forlorn,
When in the starry midnight long ago,
When the Blessed Babe was born!
Invisible wings came throbbing softly through
The heaven's celestial blue,
And through the waiting hush, with music new,
Breaking the mystic charm,
Came the first Christmas psalm.
What time she clasped her babe unto her breast,
Entranced in his visioned rest;—
Blest among women:—for she did not know
The deep and bitter woe
Waiting her beloved;—she could not see
On his face the coming agony;—
No human sorrow yet,
No striving or regret,
No shadowy prescience of the thorny crown
Over His white brow shut down;—
No stain was on His feet,
Of the rough, cruel paths which they must beat,
Paths with his tear-drops wet;
And in His rosy palm,
Press'd often to her lips in love's sweet calm,
Love to its holiest, best fruition brought,
As yet—alas, as yet
The bloody nails were not.

Oh, star, which since that night
Hast filled the wide world with thy wondrous light:
Hast cast the radiance of thy joy sublime
Down the long reach of Time,
Even to this midnight—help us to implore
Thy guidance more and more;—
Gild our life-burdens with thy hallowing rays
Through all these weary days;
And put to flight the weaknesses and fears
Which on our striving wait;—
Comfort us in the darkness of our years,—
Leave us not desolate!

Nay, let not yet the curtains over sweep
The windows' gathering rime,—
Here in the impartial starlight, let us keep
Our annual tryst with Time.

Hark!
From the near portals of the mystic dark
Comes one, who, knocking, waits
Admittance at the soul's unwilling gates.
Behold, and give him place!
And with sincerity unshrinking, here
Let such of us as dare, stand face to face
With the accusing YEAR!—

That we have sinned and faltered, we confess
In deepest humbleness;
Wherein our lives have fallen below their aim,
We blush in saddest shame;—
Where we received, and gave no recompense,
We weep in penitence;—
Wherein our hands have wrought one smallest good,
We bow in gratitude;
Wherein our souls have triumphed o'er the wrong,
We glory and are strong.
Wherefore, oh, Just and Kind,
Whatever in life's record-book we find,
Good gain or shameful loss though it may be,
We leave it all with Thee.

Hark!
Through the expectant dark,
And the dead silence, echoing far and near,
They come more near and near,
The feet of the NEW YEAR!

Now set the joy-bells ringing,
And hang your homes with vines;
From many a pleasant window
The NEW YEAR's birth-light shines;
The voices of the children
Ring out, the households through,
A blessing on the OLD YEAR,
A welcome to the NEW!

So, though the snow-wreaths gather,
Coldly and silently,
On newly-sodded grave-mounds
Which last year did not see,
We will not watch their heaping,
But yield the time its due—
A blessing on the OLD YEAR,
A welcome to the NEW.

Nay, turn the leaf which pictures
The hapless Indian shore,
Convulsed with strife and tumult,
And steeped with human gore,—
For scenes more bright and pleasant
Come nearer to our view,
With memories of the OLD YEAR,
And promise for the NEW.

The world, so wide already,
Grows wider, year by year,
As new lands, arts, and wonders
Are brought more near and near.
As in the Flowery Kingdom
A new experience waits—
We greet the strange Celestials
Within their jealous gates.

Nay, swerve not from your purpose,
Ye watchers by the sea,
Waiting the thrill which pierces
Its briny mystery—
For Time, the wonder-worker,
Still brings the moment nigher,
When the messages of nations
Shall cross the Atlantic wire.

And, like the wary visitor,
Which ere while wandered by,
With fiery pennon streaming
Across the startled sky—
So may the NEW YEAR, teeming
With aims and deeds sublime,
Write its own tale of triumph
Upon the heaven of Time!

ADELE LORING.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"What have you there, Harry?" said Milford Jones, to his friend Henry Williams.

The latter had just entered the office of Jones. He carried a small parcel in his hand.

"*Bijouterie*," returned Williams.

"Oh—presents?"

"Yes, some trifles for Florence."

"A pleasant way of spending a few dollars. It pays handsomely, no doubt."

"Oh, yes."

"That is, if one can afford to make the investment."

"Of course. There is a luxury in giving, and as I possess a good income, I sometimes indulge in pleasures of this kind."

"I often wish that I possessed the same ability; and I never had that wish stronger than I experience it to-day."

"Ah? Were the circumstances peculiar?"

"Yes, very peculiar. I don't know when I have had my feelings more interested."

"I am sorry you were not able to gratify your kind wishes."

"So am I, though most persons would have said that I was rather weak about the heart, or romantic in the head."

"Pray give me some light on a subject that has interested you so much. You know that I am not one to be frightened at a little romance."

"With pleasure. Know, then, that while in Thomas's auction rooms to-day, looking at some pictures that are to be sold next Thursday, a young lady came in and inquired of Mr. Thomas if he would sell a piano for her at his next sale. Of course, he was ready to serve her, that being just in his line. She asked him if he could send for it. He agreed to do so, and took the number of her house.—The lady was young, and, without doing violence to language, very beautiful. But her beauty was shaded by a pensive, thoughtful air, that approached to sadness. Her voice was low, and it struck me as very sweet; and such words as reached my ears were uttered with a certain grace and propriety of expression only acquired by those who are well educated, and mingle in the most polished and refined society. Her dress was plain, but very neat, and her carriage had an ease and elegance but rarely seen."

"'When will you have a sale?' I heard her ask.

"'We shall sell a large lot of elegant furniture to-morrow, and if you wish it, will include your instrument. Is it a costly one?'

"'It is of rosewood, and cost a thousand dollars.'

"'How old is it?'

"'I have had it four years. It's as good as new, and one of the finest instruments I ever touched. What ought it to bring?'

"'A good deal more than it will,' replied Mr. Thomas. 'How much do you expect for it?'

"'I thought I could get five or six hundred dollars.'

"Mr. Thomas shook his head.

"'I am sorry to disappoint your expectations. But you must not think of such a price.'

"There was a huskiness in the young girl's voice, as she said,

"'What may I hope to receive?'

"'Not over two or three hundred.'

"'So little as that?'

"Oh, how touchingly sad were the tones in which this was said.

"'I would not like to encourage you to hope for more. I have sold many excellent instruments for one hundred dollars, and even as low as seventy-five.'

"'Do you sell pianos often?' she inquired.

"'Yes, almost every week.'

"She paused for a few moments thoughtfully, and then said

"'I cannot do without a piano, but one less costly than my own will answer every purpose. Could I commission you to purchase for me a tolerably good instrument—one on which I could give music lessons?'

"'Most certainly,' returned the auctioneer.

"'Then you can end for mine. Do the best for me you can.'

"Mr. Thomas bowed in acquiescence, and the young lady retired. I don't know when I have been so much interested in any one, especially a stranger. Young, beautiful and accomplished; raised, in all probability, in the very lap of luxury; she is, just as life's most beautiful and fragrant flowers are beginning to open and cluster along her path, forced to step aside and walk in a rugged and thorny way.—It is difficult to realize all that one so circumstanced must suffer. I have pictured her as the sole support of an invalid brother, an old and spirit-broken father, or the guardian of younger brothers and sisters, who have no one else in the wide world to care for or love them. Be it as it may, her mission in life is a holy one, and she is seeking to fulfil her duties with an earnest and patient spirit. Heaven help her in the way she is going!'

"Really, Milford," said Williams, "you seem to have been touched in a tender place."

"I own it. And had you seen this young lady as I saw her, you would have been as deeply moved."

"The story you relate is a very interesting one. But what plan is it that your mind has digested in regard to this young lady, but which your ability will not permit you to carry into effect?"

"Simply to purchase her piano at a fair price. If she must sell it, I would save her the additional pain of having it sacrificed. Necessity evidently drives her to this course; and in parting with her property, she ought to have something near its value."

"What would you do with the instrument?"

"I have no use for it. The act would be simply one of benevolence."

"An interesting case, certainly," said Williams. "Poor girl! it must be hard for one like her to come down from affluence to the necessity of earning her daily bread by daily toil. My sister Florence wants a new piano, and, as I shall have to buy it, I don't know but I may as well take the one of which you speak, provided it is all the young lady represents it to be."

"I'll pledge myself to that," replied Jones, warmly, "though I never saw her before in my life. I'll endorse every word she says, to the letter. Suppose we go over to Thomas's—perhaps it is already there?"

"Very well."

And the two young men went over to the auction rooms.

"Have you received that handsome rosewood piano yet?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"Yes, it came in half an hour ago," returned the auctioneer.

"Is it a good instrument?"

"One of the finest I have ever seen. There it is. Rosewood, exquisitely carved. It is made by Chickering, and cost one thousand dollars. Only three or four years old, and nearly as good as new. It is to be sold to-morrow, and will be a bargain for some one."

"What price have you fixed upon it at private sale?"

"It is intended for our sale to-morrow."

"Won't you sell it to-day?" inquired Williams, who had been examining carefully its workmanship, and running his fingers over the keys.

"Oh, yes, if I get a good offer."

"What do you think it will bring under the hammer?"

"I can't tell. Not over three hundred and fifty, however."

"It is really worth a great deal more than that."

"It would be cheap at five or six hundred."

Williams mused for some time, and then said,

"My friend Jones, here, tells me that it belongs to a young lady who, to all appearance, is forced to part with it."

"Yes, that is no doubt the case."

"He says also that she wants a cheaper instrument?"

"Yes."

"I like this piano very much, and am willing to give a fair price for it. I have a good income, while this appears to be the poor girl's all. I could not be so mean, not to say dishonest, as to take advantage of her necessities to save two or three hundred dollars. I have a very fair instrument, that cost, a few years ago, three hundred dollars. It is plain, and has only six octaves. But it is good toned and firm. Now, I will give six hundred dollars and mine for this one, which, I presume, will be satisfactory."

"Perfectly so," returned the surprised auctioneer.

"Very well. It's a bargain if you say so."

"When will you have it sent home?"

"To-morrow. I'll bring you a check in the morning. And as the day after is the first of the new year, it would produce a feeling of pleasure in my mind to know that the young lady was aware, on that occasion, of the fact that her piano had sold at a better rate than you gave her reason to hope for."

"Oh, as to that I will send her the piano taken in exchange for hers, with the money, as soon as I receive them."

"That will do. I will be here again in the morning."

The young men then retired. It is difficult to say which gave Williams the most pleasure. The thought of how much delight his sister would feel in receiving her costly and elegant present; or the thought of the poor girl's surprise and thankfulness when she learned the good fortune that had attended the sale of her piano.

Reverse of fortune is a thing so common in this country that we cease to wonder at its occurrence. To-day a family is in the enjoyment of every blessing in the power of wealth to give, and to-morrow the members thereof are scattered like autumn leaves. The beautiful girl who to-day feels the lightest duty as a hardship, to-morrow finds herself called upon to go forth into the world, and, with her own hands and her own ability, wrest therefrom the means of support—and, it may be, the support of others more helpless than herself.

Thus it was with Adele Loring. A brief time had changed all. The death of her father, following within a few months of the wreck of his fortune, left her and a younger invalid sister, alone in the world, and with no means of living beyond what they possessed in themselves. A distant relative of their mother's lived in Philadelphia, and she, on learning their condition, offered them temporarily a home, which they gladly accepted. But this relative was poor, and by no means able to spare from her scanty income sufficient to meet the wants of the sisters. This they saw at once; and Adele's mind turned, anxiously, in search of some means by which she could use whatever ability she possessed for the maintenance of herself and sister. But, she was a stranger, and tried in vain for months to procure a situation as teacher in a school or family. Daily she felt that the burden upon their kind relative was too great, and that she must be relieved.

The only thing of value that remained to Adele was a splendid piano. This was a birthday gift from her father, and dearly prized. The thought of parting with that always produced painful feelings; yet, as month after month went by, and no employment could be obtained, while her sister Frances grew daily more helpless, and required the constant attention of a physician, the necessity for doing so became more and more apparent.

Nearly a year had gone by since their removal to Philadelphia. At last Adele obtained a single scholar to whom she agreed to give two music lessons a week for ten dollars a quarter. Small as this beginning was it awakened into life the hope that was nearly expiring in her bosom. But in generously giving Adele and her sister a home, their kind relative had impoverished herself. Two quarters rent, amounting to nearly a hundred dollars, would be due on the first of January, and she had not five dollars towards meeting the demand. She was in debt besides at various places nearly seventy dollars more. These facts becoming known to Adele she resolved to sell her piano, and obtain a cheaper one. The difference in price, which she supposed would be four or five hundred dollars, would put it into her power to hand her relative three hundred dollars as a compensation for her own and sister's support for the year, and with the balance they could procure a few necessary articles and pay their board regularly until more scholars were obtained, which Adele fondly hoped would soon be the case.

The depth of the poor girl's disappointment on learning from the auctioneer that her beautiful piano would not bring over two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars may well be conceived. On coming home and meeting her sister Frances she gave way to a paroxysm of tears before she was able to convey in words the discouraging result of her attempt to effect a sale of her piano.

About three o'clock on the next day, and just as Adele was preparing to go to the auction store and learn whether her piano had been sold or not, a furniture wagon stopped in front of the house, and at the same moment the bell was rung. On the door being opened she heard her name mentioned. A glance from the window showed her that there was a piano in the wagon. She went down with a trembling heart. A young man with a book under his arm was in the parlor.

"Is Miss Loring at home?" he inquired.

"That is my name," returned Adele.

"Your piano was sold yesterday," said the young man, "at private sale to a gentleman who saw and liked it very much. He had a very good instrument that he wished to dispose of, and so Mr. Thomas took it in part payment for yours as you had authorized him to buy one. I have brought it with me. The amount of cash received was six hundred dollars. Our commissions are thirty dollars. I will, therefore, pay you over five hundred and seventy dollars."

"Besides the piano?" inquired Adele, in a voice that trembled in spite of her effort to be calm.

"Oh! certainly." And the young man counted out the money, for which Adele signed a receipt.

After the piano was brought into the house, and the clerk had departed, Adele went up to the room where her sister was lying upon a bed, and dropping a chair beside her, buried her face in the pillow and sobbed aloud.—Frances took her hand and inquired tenderly for the cause of this apparent burst of grief. It was some moments before Adele was sufficiently composed to speak of their unexpected good fortune. At last she said as she looked up with her eyes swimming in tears—

"Light, dear sister! has broken in upon the darkness of our night. I have five hundred and seventy dollars for my piano, besides another instrument in exchange."

A sweet smile played over the invalid's face as she closed her eyes. Her lips moved in a thank offering of the heart to heaven.

"God will take care of us, Adele," she said, in a low voice. "We are His children and He provides for all. Everything may come out just as we desire. But let us trust Him to the end. All will surely be right."

Adele clasped tightly the hand of her sister; but her heart was so full that she could not trust herself to speak. When more composed she saw her kind relative and communicated her good fortune, at the same time tendering three hundred dollars of the money she had received. This was at first declined, but Adele forced it upon her as a sum justly her due. How light did it make the poor woman's heart. Never before in her life had she looked forward with so much pain to the beginning of a new year. One hundred dollars rent would then become due; and there was no way of meeting the demand. Now, the means of paying every dollar she owed was in her possession; and there would be a liberal surplus remaining.

Not until the next morning did Adele open the piano received in exchange as part payment for her own beautiful instrument, the parting with which had caused her so much pain. The first thing that attracted her attention was a sealed note lying upon the keys. On opening she read, with surprise, these words, addressed to herself:—

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY—Though I have never seen you, and though your history is all unknown to me, I have heard enough to satisfy me that you have, even thus early in life, met with a painful reverse of fortune. I saw that your beautiful instrument was about being sacrificed for less than a third of its cost, and, as I wanted one, I bought it at a just valuation. Let the fact that a stranger was inspired with a feeling of generous regard for one he had never seen, give you confidence in the kind guardianship of that Being who is ever watchful over His creatures for good. Even if your path is rough and your sky dark, keep a brave heart. All will come out right in the end.

"——."

The mind of Adele was filled with wonder at this strange occurrence; and she could not comprehend it. The reading of the note made her heart glow, and produced the very effect designed by the writer. It directed her thoughts above, and gave her a stronger trust in an overruling and wise Providence.

A month elapsed before Adele obtained another scholar. This one did not come to her residence to receive lessons as did the first; Adele had to go to her house, which was in Spruce street. Something about her interested the family in which these lessons were given, and they soon procured her several more scholars, one of whom was in Walnut street near Broad. Here, an equal interest was felt in Adele. While giving a lesson here, one day, two or three young ladies came into the front parlor. Attracted by the peculiar sweetness of the music teacher's voice, they drew around her, and begged her to sing for them a popular air. Adele complied. They were charmed, and begged of her to sing them another, which she did.

"Have you time to give any more lessons?" inquired one of these young ladies.

Adele said that she had.

"Then you shall be my teacher," was answered. "When can you come?"

"I can give you a lesson to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

"And one every Thursday at the same hour?"

"Yes."

"Very well, I will expect you to-morrow."

The young lady then gave her name, and the number of the house where she lived.

On the next day, at eleven o'clock, Adele called at a house in Arch street, and was shown into the parlor. In a few minutes the young lady appeared. After inquiring her terms, and asking a few questions, she said, as she arose and moved towards the piano,

"I have a most charming instrument. For sweetness and purity of tone I have never seen its superior. And it is as beautiful as it is good."

While yet speaking, she sat down and commenced running her fingers over the keys. Adele had merely glanced at the piano, which was not distinctly visible owing to the room being darkened. But the moment its tones fell upon her ear, she started as if electrified. She would have known them among those given forth by a hundred instruments. So deeply moved was Adele, that when the young lady turned to speak to her, she exclaimed,

"Miss Loring! are you ill?"

Adele made a strong effort to rally herself; but everything reminded her too strongly of the beautiful home from which she had gone forth into the world. The sound of that well remembered instrument, coming to her ears so unexpectedly, touched the fountain of her feelings. The struggle with herself was all in vain; and the gush of passionate tears that followed was wilder for the struggle.

The young lady who witnessed Adele's emotion, had felt interested in her from the moment of their first meeting; and now, when she saw her so disturbed, she drew her arm around her, tenderly, and said, in a kindly sympathising voice,

"If you are not well, to-day, Miss Loring, you need not mind the lesson. I can begin next week."

Adele gently disengaged herself from the young lady's arms as soon as she could rally herself. In doing so she replied,

"Pardon this weakness. I was wrong to let my feelings overcome me as they have done. I did not know that they lay so near the surface. Hereafter I will control them better."

There was a dignity in the manner of Adele, as she said this, that inspired her pupil with a feeling of respect; at the same time that it did not chill the emotion of kindness and sympathy that had stole into her heart. Adele then moved toward the piano. Her pupil sat down and again touched the keys. How the tones of the instrument, which had, by long familiarity, mingled themselves with all her feelings, thrilled upon every chord of her heart. But she forced back all signs of emotion, and entered upon the task she had come to perform. After the lesson had been given, her pupil asked, as a favor, that she would sing for her "The Last Rose of Summer."

Adele took the young lady's place at the piano, and after moving her hands over the keys for a few moments, commenced warbling in a low, sweet voice, the pathos of which was exquisite, the words of that beautiful song. The very air of the room seemed pulsating with melody. The first verse was sung steadily. In the second, her tones were low and tremulous. When she came to the last verse—

"So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?"

her voice opened firmly, yet wonderful in its sweetness and expression. But by the time she had reached the last line, it had fallen again into a low and tremulous warble, and the concluding words were sobbed rather than sung.

All became silent. For a little while Adele sat before the instrument, using every effort to regain her self-possession. Having succeeded, she was about rising, when the young lady, who was standing by her side, suddenly drew her arm around her neck, and pressed her lips upon her forehead. The young creature's feelings were so deeply affected that the act was almost spontaneous.

"Thank you a hundred times," she said, "for that sweet song. I wish my brother could have heard you. It is one that he says he never tires of hearing. But you must teach me something of your own skill. I will be a patient learner."

Adele forced herself to smile. Then rising, she thanked the young lady for the kind feelings she had displayed, and promised not to tax them as she had done, in the future.

After parting with Adele at the door, the young lady returned to the parlor, where she was surprised to find her brother.

"Why, Henry!" said she, "how came you here?"

"In the name of wonder, Florence," returned the young man, "who is the lady that just sung 'The Last Rose of Summer!'"

"I am sure I don't know, brother?" returned Florence.

"Don't know! Then how came she here?"

"She is the new music teacher, of whom I told you."

"Indeed! The young lady of whom you spoke so enthusiastically?"

"Yes; and with not half the enthusiasm that I now feel. The fact is, Henry, I have never met with any one in my life for whom I felt such a spontaneous respect and affection. She is beautiful; her every movement is grace; and her voice has in it something that goes at once to your heart. A glance is enough to tell you that the present sphere is a very different one from that in which she has been accustomed to move."

"She sings like an angel. That's all I can say," remarked the young man.

"And looks like one, if the face of an angel ever lies in shadow."

"Don't you know anything about her? What is her name?

"Her name is Miss Loring. But beyond that I know little. She has evidently once moved in the most refined circles. Now she supports herself and a sick sister by teaching music. They are, I believe, strangers in the city, and without friends."

"Poor girls!" said the young man.

"When she came in, she seemed cheerful," remarked Florence; "but the moment I went to the piano and ran my fingers over the keys, she became affected to tears. The change was almost instantaneous. And all the time she was here her heart remained so full that I could perceive a slight tremulousness in her voice whenever she spoke."

"When does she come again?" inquired the brother.

"She is to give me lessons every Thursday at eleven o'clock."

"Very well. Then I will hear her voice again. You must ask her to sing for you 'The Last Rose,' once more. I never heard it sung with such a peculiar, warbling sweetness."

The young man did not forget the day nor the hour when Adele was to come again. He was in an adjoining room during the time she spent with her sister, and her voice held him with a deeper spell than it had done before. At her third visit, he came purposely into the parlor while she was there, when Florence introduced him to Adele. He passed out immediately.

When she came the fourth time, he made it a point to drop in again while the music lesson was being rehearsed. A slight tinge covered the rather pale face of Adele, as he bowed to her with a respectful air, and then made some pleasant remark.

At her next visit he came in, and asked her if she would not oblige him by singing a certain song that he mentioned.

She complied; when he thanked her and retired.

Thus, at each new visit, Henry Williams, for it was he, approached nearer and nearer to Adele, yet not in a way to alarm her delicacy. In the meantime, Florence became perfectly infatuated with her, and spoke of her so frequently and so warmly to her brother, that it is hardly a matter of surprise that, between what he saw and what he heard, Henry Williams found his heart committed in favor of the beautiful and interesting stranger before he was more than half aware of the tendency of his feelings.

We will not trace, step by step, the progress of a passion thus romantically begun. Its consequence, as the reader might very naturally suppose, was a final offer of his hand by the brother of Florence. Adele had no reason for declining the offer; particularly, as the young man had no over nice relatives, possessing the power of interference, to protest against his marriage with a music teacher.

In less than a year from the time Adele was forced to make the sacrifice before mentioned, she stood by the side of Henry Williams when the marriage rite was said, and with her hand gave to him her heart's deepest, best, and tenderest affections. A few days afterwards, and while she sat alone by his side, she took from her bosom a neatly folded note, and placed it in his hand. He started in surprise, as he unfolded it.

"Where did this come from, Adele?" he said.

"Do you know who wrote it?" she inquired, looking earnestly into his face.

"Yes, I wrote it."

"And I received it," murmured the happy young bride, as she leaned her head upon his bosom.

"You! You, Adele!" exclaimed Williams. "Was that beautiful instrument once yours?"

"It was my father's birth-day present.

"Can this indeed be so!" returned the young husband, as he imprinted a kiss on the lips of his bride, and drew her to his heart.

"Yes, you were the unknown friend whom Heaven sent with relief at a time when it was most needed."

"And for that little act of justice—for it was but just to pay for your instrument what it was worth—Heaven has rewarded me a thousand fold. How strange it all seems!"

"To me it is like a dream, and I fear, sometimes, that I will awake," said Adele.

"No—no. It is no dream, but a sweet reality. You are already awake."

The New Year came round again. A happy New Year for all. Even Frances, removed to a more congenial home, and her mind relieved from a weight of care, lifted her head like a beautiful flower that had drooped in the fierce rays of a noon-day sun. It was again the season of kind remembrances—the time when, in every mind, arises the wish to send to those who are beloved some token of affection. Adele received many costly presents, but none was so prized, none was so grateful to her feelings, as the New Year's gift of Florence. It was the former birth-day gift of her father; the beautiful piano, whose pure tones filled her with remembrances of the past, and connected them in joy with the present.

* * * It is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless, and silent, and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs.
—*Longfellow's Miles Standish.*

☞ Fisher Ames said a very wise thing when he said that "there is no such thing as blowing a barrel of gunpowder half way down."

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save, or serve, but all may please;
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain:
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
—*Hannah More.*

☞ The Hypocrisy of Daily Life.—Mr. Brown called in at a neighbor's, and was urged to take supper, which he did, the old lady all the while saying:—"I'm afraid, Mr. Brown, you will not make a supper; you have eaten nothing—do eat some more." After he had stepped out, he heard the old lady say to her husband:—"Why, I do declare I should think Mr. Brown had not eaten anything for a month."

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads abroad by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."
—*Milton.*

☞ Ball-room Statistics.—Out of every twenty young men dancing at an evening party, who pretend to be making love to their partners, ten are remarking that the room is very warm, five are observing that there is not much going on in town just at present, and five are repeating the jokes in last week's Poet.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

We call the attention of chance readers of The Post to our Prospectus for Next Year in another column. They will see by reading it, we think, that they cannot do better than enroll themselves upon the long list of our subscribers. The **$1,680** story, by the distinguished author, Mr. G. P. R. James, will be of itself worth the price of the paper to club subscribers—Mr. James's last novel, Lord Montagu's Page, is now selling in book form for $1,25. And then, besides, we design furnishing Three Stories from Mary Howitt, a Series of Brilliant Articles from Grace Greenwood, a Novelet by T. S. Arthur, &c., &c., &c. Add to these our Miscellaneous and Agricultural Articles, the Selections from Foreign Sources, the Foreign and Domestic News, The Markets, &c., &c., and our subscribers will have about ten times the worth of their money. But see Prospectus.

MR. JAMES'S NOVEL.

We designed beginning Mr. G. P. R. James's Novel of "The Cavalier" in this number, but we have not the whole of the manuscript in hand yet, and as Mr. James is now in Venice—to which post he was appointed after making his engagement with us—we are fearful of a break, if we should commence, from the accidents of the sea. We therefore think it best to hold on a few weeks, until the balance of the story is in our hands. The reason for the delay is shown in the following letter from Mr. James:—

British Consulate General, Venice, 22nd November, 1858.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:

Gentlemen:—My journey hither has been full of misfortunes, the greatest of which was *the loss of all my baggage, together with my manuscript for more than a month.* It arrived just in time to send you off a number for last week's mail. This, and this only, (together with Mr. Peterson's wish that the manuscript should be copied,) prevented the due transmission of the whole story at once. * * * *

Yours, faithfully,
G. P. R. JAMES,
Consul General.

UNBALANCED PATRIOTISM.

It is somewhat unfortunate for that species of patriotism which finds its development in the building of monuments to distinguished men, and in similar manifestations, that there should be so little wisdom allied with its generosity. No dictate of common sense is more imperative, than that which forbids us to squander upon several efforts, an amount of money and energy which is scarcely requisite for one. But in the matter of monument building, and kindred schemes, this common sense maxim has been treated with sovereign contempt. Just consider the facts a moment. We have now a Philadelphia monument to Washington in contemplation—about half the requisite funds being collected, and a corner-stone laid for some twenty years past. We have a National monument in course of erection at Washington, and, we believe, only about one-third completed—the work all stopped for want of funds, and with a probability of its standing there unfinished for years, if not centuries; a standing proclamation to all foreign ambassadors and visitors, of the unbalanced and childish patriotism of those who attempted it—and thus bringing disgrace, through the want of wisdom of a few, upon the whole American people. We have besides, a scheme on foot for sundry Monuments to the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, in Independence Square. And now, with these uncompleted monuments on our hands, a fourth project is sprung upon the country, and urgent appeals made to its patriotism to contribute the necessary funds to purchase the Mount Vernon property!

If patriotic motives—and patriotic motives alone—were at the bottom of these movements; if no selfish desires in individuals to gratify their own pride of public display, and magnify their own personal importance, and promote their own pecuniary and other interests, were allowed to oversway the undeniable dictates of plain common sense; it is evident that the patriotism of the community would be invoked to finish one great enterprise, before another, of a kindred character, was originated.

And for this reason, even if no other existed, we should have very little sympathy with the present attempt to purchase the Mount Vernon property. But our sympathy is by no means increased when we reflect upon the exorbitant character of the demands of the present proprietor. Why should the American people be taxed to enrich Mr. John A. Washington!—What, in fact, do they want with the *whole* of that property—and what will they do with it, if they should happen to get it? The tomb, the mansion, and a few acres around them, are all that they need—why, then, encumber themselves with the plantation! If the present owner will not sell the one without the other, then let him keep the whole himself—or peddle out the bones of his great relative to some Yankee speculator, if any such can be found who has the requisite impudence and courage to embark in such a dangerous venture.

As for Washington—thank Heaven!—he needs no monument, whose monument is in the heart of all mankind! What is the whole history of our revolutionary struggle, but his imperishable monument, more enduring than brass, aye, than the everlasting hills? His monument is the Country itself—the Republic—the Union! A marble or granite column to perpetuate his fame is, really, when properly considered, almost a kind of mockery. Build monuments to those whom the nation and mankind may possibly forget—to your Clays, your Websters, your Calhouns—but, build them, or leave them unbuilt, it is all the same to the name and fame of Washington!

Do we exaggerate in this matter a particle? Test and gauge our words, and you will find we do not. And doubtless it is an unspoken and almost unacknowledged feeling of this kind, which has led to the failure of these frequent attempts to embody in some small way of other, the great and universal reverence for Washington—to put the mighty ocean of a nation's gratitude and love into some poor quart kettle. Not because the American people think so little of Washington, but because they think so much, does the money come in so slowly. Mere lip worship, and stone worship, seem flippant and impertinent beside their deep heart worship! After all your fine orations are spoken—after all your piles of marble are reared—what have you done in view of Washington's greatness? Nothing—and, therefore, in one sense, almost worse than nothing. Could we build him a monument which should outshame the tallest Pyramid, and jostle the high clouds—something that men should be able to see as they gazed Westward, over the Atlantic billows, from the English shore—something comparable, in one word, to his greatness—then the patriotism and money of the country might be evoked, and, "like spirits from the vasty deep," not only be called, but come!

But, in view of the paltry demonstrations which are attempted, what wonder that the deep soul of the country should smile, as at so much frivolity and flippancy, and, pushing the contribution box aside, say, with all reverence, in the language of the poet,

"Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise!"

A Hoggs of Employment.—A Committee of the Guardians of the Poor, in a recent report, say:—

The Committee cannot but commend to the whole people of Philadelphia the plan of establishing, in connection with the Almshouse, a House of Correction or Workhouse. They have the labor, and every motive of economy and propriety should induce them to bring it into operation. As the accommodations are at present arranged at Blockley, it is now altogether impracticable to effect so desirable an object.—But it behooves this great city to provide other and better for the two classes of paupers they are compelled to support—the able-bodied and all that can work, and the insane. Both these objects can be attained at the Blockley Institution without raising the rates of taxation a single penny. There is enough front to the Blockley estate, which is entirely unproductive, that could be sold off for building lots, to pay all the expense that would be incurred in building a new Lunatic Asylum, and in changing the Hospital Building into a "House of Correction or Workhouse." The Hospital could then be transferred to the wing now occupied by the lunatics, and a new building would spring up calculated for the treatment of this large and unfortunate class of our fellow-beings.

We trust that the Guardians will be authorized to take the necessary steps to establish such a House of Employment. The industrious able-bodied poor would gladly welcome a means of supporting themselves; and the many able-bodied but lazy loafers, who resort to the Almshouse as a comfortable place to lounge away the winter in, would no longer be a tax upon the industry of the community. A House of Employment for those who profess that they cannot obtain work, and then the peremptory refusal of alms to every able-bodied beggar, would result in great good to all parties. But until we have a House of Employment, the charitable cannot bring their hearts to refuse to give to able-bodied beggars, though they know that nine out of every ten dollars thus given, are worse than wasted, and what Emerson calls a "wicked alms."

Is It So Strange!—A Committee of the Philadelphia Guardians of the Poor, in contrasting the medical attendance of the poor in Philadelphia and New York, say:—

The number of patients treated at Bellevue, N. Y., is but a trifle over our own, and yet the bills for medicines, exclusive of liquors, amount to $6,429 86—more than double our expenditures. And yet the per centage of deaths is not so low as at Blockley.

That is, that while *twice* as much medicine is given in New York, the number of deaths is even greater. The Committee seem to think this very strange—some others, including the more intelligent of the medical faculty, will think it very natural.

The English and Montgomery Case.—We gave last week the regular telegraphic report to the associated press relative to the assault upon Mr. Montgomery. It is only fair this week to add, that Mr. Montgomery denies the truth of that report—alleging that he simply passed on in silence when Mr. English accosted him, and that the latter then struck him unawares from behind. Mr. Montgomery produces certificates from various parties, including his physicians, in support of his statement.

The Mount Vernon Puffers.—We, we have read the first of those articles, which we, in common with the rest of mankin, have been so urgently importuned to read, all the daily papers, for several weeks past. nd what do we think of it? Why, it is just such an article as, if it had been offered to us *gratis*, we would, in the politest manner possible, have declined burdening the columns of The Post with. If there are to be fifty-two of *such*, we pity those who are expected to read them. It would be a little amusing to hear of Mr. Everett's being offered $10,000 more, "just to stop writing." But in such case, we would advise Mr. E. not to accept any such paltry offer. Taking a lesson from his respectable fellow citizens and probably present patrons, the organ grinders, let him refuse to "move" for any such trifle—and the *dower* finally must come into his terms, however hard. Some new folly will probably have to be perpetrated to conceal the failure of the Mount Vernon humbug—which a forty-fifing power will prove incompetent to save. Not that the future articles will not probably be an improvement on the first, and god enough in their way, but that their merit will so little warrant the extensive system of puffery and adulation of which they have been made the victims.—When we hear at the opening of the show "a great flourish of trumpets" we naturally laugh if only a simple, every-day procession, in common habiliments, appear. We have no disposition to throw ridicule upon an ancient and accomplished gentlemar like Mr. Everett, but if he himself chooses to forget his proper dignity, in allowing his name and articles to be made the burden of so much purchased puffery, he cannot wonder at others for not remembering it.

Curious Cause of Death.—Mr. Morphy, one of the most gifted members of the Spanish bar, recently died from getting too "tight."

"Not very wonderful that"—many of our readers will say.

But it was wonderful, nevertheless, dear reader—and you should not be so uncharitable as to suppose that there can be no other kind of "tightness" than that commonly described by the word—for the "tightness" of which Mr. Morphy died, was "tightness" of his boots. He went to a dinner party in unusually tight boots—and as a consequence, violent inflammation supervened, followed by gangrene, which carried the unfortunate gentleman speedily to his grave. Gentlemen of long and wide and every way clumsy *understandings*, who are the class probably most given to tight boots,—as the homely girls are more given to cosmetics, freckle washes and tight lacing than their pretty sisters—will please take notice. But what boots advice or warning in such matters? And there is one moral advantage, we confess, in a tight boot, in this age—as it necessarily keeps the wearer clear of the fashionable folly of Filibustering. For it is evident that a tight-booter can never be a free-booter.

Honorable to North Carolina.—We perceive that the Rev. Calvin H. Wiley has been almost unanimously re-elected by the Legislature of North Carolina, Superintendent of the Common Schools of that State. The Legislature is largely Democratic, while Mr. Wiley, though taking no recent part in politics, was formerly an active Whig. But the members of the Legislature—with a good sense and magnanimity that do them honor—concluded that party politics should have nothing to do with such an office as School Superintendent, and re-elected Mr. Wiley because he had proved himself to be both a faithful and an efficient officer. Would that this course of conduct were oftener followed by all parties. There is entirely too much party proscription nowadays, for the good of the country.

Pretty Good for Horace Mann.—Mr. Mann recently delivered a lecture in this city on "College Life and Influence." A contemporary describes it as a "brilliant production," and quotes a portion of it, in which we find the following passage:—

One of the first and greatest objects to be achieved by the student was, the mastery over his appetites, and he might add that the young man who, amid all the temptations to over-indulge, had learned to practice healthful moderation, was already *half a gentleman, half a hero and half a Christian.*

That is, if we understand Mr. Mann, that such a student is already *three* halves of a man, or, in other words, a man and a-half! Pretty good that, for Mr. Mann.

☞ The Atlantic Telegraph wakened up sufficiently the other day, to articulate "Henley"—this was about the time that Mr. Henley expected to commence operations with his machine. Since then, according to De Sauty, it has manifested some signs of life, but had no lucid intervals. We are glad to find that De Sauty is still at his post, taking observations;—and the following conundrum occurs to us:—

Why is De Sauty like the Atlantic Telegraph? Because both have "a great talent for silence."

Important to Almanac Makers.—A correspondent, Mr. Daniel Diefenbach, of Krutzerville, Pa., calls the attention of almanac makers to the flaw that a "great number" of them make in their reckoning, when they say that the year 1859 will be, "after the 4th of July, the eighty-*third* year of American Independence." They should say, as Mr. Diefenbach points out, the eighty-*fourth* year—the eighty-*third* year being completed on the 3rd of July, 1859.

A Correction.—In our last paper, we called the publisher of a certain New York weekly, a "two-legged being." We will correct the expression. Any publisher claiming to have for his paper 300,000 readers, and an "unequalled" corps of contributors, who is not satisfied with his good fortune, but is continually scheming to get the subscribers and contributors of his neighbors, ought to have, whether he has or not, "four legs, and a snout."

☞ A Hard Case is that of those poor capitalists we read about constantly in the daily papers, with "plenty of money," and "no employment for it." They are to be pitied.

Rather Ardent.—A correspondent of the "Ladies American Magazine," professedly a member of the staid society of Friends, sends some verses to that monthly, beginning:—

Dearest, come kiss me, my lips are yet warm,
And my bosom still pants from the clasp of thine arm;
The blood dances wildly through each throbbing vein,
But I droop, oh! I droop for thy kisses again.

We would quote the remainder, but they are in the same "intense" vein—only a little more so. As the writer, "H. L. C." dates at Germantown, we would respectfully commend her case to the "Monthly Meeting of Friends," at that place. "H. L. C." seems to be "as ardent as a Northern sun (don't) can make her"—and talks a little too freely out of meeting. We would suggest to her, that there are very few young men but what would tire before they had received "four score" kisses. The "overseers" of her society should give her a lecture upon the subject of moderation, as a means of retaining affection and respect. The full soul loathes even the honeycomb, said Solomon, and he had a tolerably ample experience in such matters.

Our New Year's Address.—Our annual Addresses are apt to be very good—though we do say it, "who hadn't ought to"—and that for 1859, on our first page this week, is one of the best we have published. Who do you think wrote it, curious reader—Tennyson, Longfellow or Mrs. Browning? You may guess, but it is a secret, at least for the present.

It is said that Lieutenant Maury, of the Washington Observatory, has prophesied that we shall have but ten perfectly clear days this winter.

Don't believe a word of it. Did you ever say such a foolish thing, Lieutenant?

NEWS ITEMS.

In the Prussian standing army of one hundred and twenty-six thousand men, but two soldiers are unable to read, and of two million nine hundred thousand children between the ages of seven and fourteen, at the last census, two million three hundred and twenty-eight thousand were actually attending the schools.

The Emperor Napoleon is said to have declared that a war with Austria is not an impossible contingency. The Presse, of Paris, probably believes the rumor, for it had, on the 23d, an article of great violence, in which, transferring its rancor from England to Austria, it earnestly hopes to see the latter country ravaged by war. The Patrie, on the same evening, also had a violent article against Austria.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have been the recipients of an absurdly enthusiastic ovation at Dublin. After playing for a charitable institution, they started for their hotel in their carriage, but the populace, spite of repeated remonstrances, insisted on drawing them home. Mr. Williams, finding his entreaties in vain, quitted the vehicle, and, with Mrs. Williams, proceeded on foot, saying that he respected his friends too much to permit them to take the place of horses.

The official returns of the French Colonial office show that 16,500 negroes have been obtained by French agents from the eastern coast of Africa, and conveyed to the Island of Bourbon, or Reunion. French Guiana has received eight hundred and seventy-two Africans, Martinique five hundred and fifteen, and Gaudaloupe six hundred and ninety-eight. These latter are presumed to have been brought from the west coast.

Mr. Hiram Todd, of Northfield, Conn., (a parish in Litchfield, adjoining Watertown,) was killed, on Thursday night last, by his son, Martin Todd. The latter is said to have been, of late, partially deranged. He was making a noise in the house, when his father reproved him. Getting into a rage, he stabbed his father in the abdomen. Mr. Todd survived but a few hours. He was sixty-five years of age, and his son is a man grown. He has been taken to the Litchfield county jail.

Burlesque.—One of the funniest things got up in New York lately was the excursion of an auger association, in burlesque of the target excursions. Each man carries an auger instead of a gun, a Calathumpian band accompanies them, and the exercises consist in walking blindfold to the target and boring a hole through it. Not one man in twenty can do it, and the blunders that are made cause a great deal of sport.

Tissue Mistaken.—The Lewiston (Me.) Advocate relates that a citizen of that place, upon waking one morning, missed his teeth, a false set, and having heard that such articles had sometimes been swallowed, he made an examination and found them, as he supposed sticking in his throat. Two doctors were sent for, but they could not raise them, and proposed cutting a hole through the outside. He then set about making his will, and his daughter going up stairs for the stationery, found the teeth in a bureau drawer.

A Bold Robbery at Bologna.—A correspondent of the Press, writing from Bologna, Italy, says "then in broad day, five men, wearing masks, entered the railway depot, compelled the clerk to surrender the cash box, lifted it to the door, placed it in a carriage, and drove away unmolested."

The Will of Thomas H. Benton has not thus far been put into executors' hands, because none of them had been found willing to undertake the task of its administration, and had therefore either formally "renounced," or failed to give bonds within the proper time. The matter was brought into court, and Judge Purcell allowed Mr. Montgomery Blair to qualify as executor. He gave bonds in the sum of $20,000.

Chinese Sugar Case.—A meeting of the Chinese sugar cane growers of Winnebago county (Ill.) was held at Rockford on the 8th instant, when a large number of samples of sugar and syrup were offered, comprising a variety of grades, some of which were reported as very fine. Two hundred gallons of molasses to the acre of cane was mentioned as a fair crop. The cane has been exclusively cultivated in Illinois the past season, and from facts at hand, says the Rockford Republican, it is shown that "syrup and sugar are destined to become as staple articles of production of this State as wheat."

The Slave Market.—The Charlottesville Advocate says:—The demand for slaves exceeds anything ever before witnessed in this country. The prices given are enormous. From twelve to fifteen hundred dollars for men, and from a thousand to thirteen hundred for women, are the limits in which we have known slaves sold in the last few days.

It is said that certificates will be refused to every Lecompton Democrat recently elected to Congress from New York, and to several of the Opposition, on account of an informality in the returns—the candidates in New York City being voted for as "Members of Congress," instead of "Representatives in Congress." This informality, however, will probably be at once waived by Congress, if the certificates are refused.

Large Pumpkins or Prize Cattle.—The Belfast (Ireland) News Letter says that Mr. Barret, of Kentucky, U. S., has shipped at Derry for America, almost all the prize cattle he could purchase at the late royal shows in England and France. The entire stock is valued at $25,000, on which the freight alone will amount to $5,000.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1859.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, THE NEWS, AGRICULTURE &c.

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, T. S. ARTHUR, &c.

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would call the attention of the public to their long-established sheet, and especially to their BRILLIANT ARRANGEMENTS for the coming year. The Post is peculiarly adapted to the wants of COUNTRY FAMILIES, as it contains weekly not only a large amount of choice Literature, but the Latest News, Agricultural Essays and Information, Domestic Receipts, Accounts of the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

In its Literary Department measures have been taken to render the coming year one of Unusual Interest. Determined to obtain for The Post the very best talent that could be procured, we have made arrangements with the distinguished author, G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., for the third of his brilliant and fertile pen. We design ushering the year with an Historical Novelet by this gifted author, to be entitled

THE CAVALIER,

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c.

To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent from our readers, we may be allowed to state that to pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

In addition to "THE CAVALIER," we have already secured

THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT

a lady whose name and literary abilities are probably known wherever the English tongue is spoken.

We may further state that GRACE GREENWOOD, the popular American authoress, will contribute regularly to our columns. A Series of Articles from her brilliant and graceful pen have been arranged for, to be entitled

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In this Series, which will probably run through the whole year, our readers may anticipate a literary treat of no common character.

A NOVELET, BY T. S. ARTHUR;

our readers' and the public's old and approved friend, has also been engaged to add to the treasures of the New Year. Our admirable weekly

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

which have been so well received by our readers, will also be continued.

In addition to the names of G. P. R. JAMES, MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, and T. S. ARTHUR, we may mention MRS. M. A. DENISON, MISS EMMA ALICE BROWNE, "FLORENCE PERCY," MISS MARTHA RUSSELL, and the Author of *MY LAST CRUISE*, as among the *regular* contributors to The Post. The productions of many other writers, of course, will at intervals grace and adorn our columns; and

CHOICE SELECTIONS

of all kinds, from the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SOURCES, shall continue to be, as heretofore, a leading feature of our paper. The Stories, Essays, Sketches, Agricultural and Scientific Facts, &c., &c., obtained in this way for the readers of The Post, are among the most instructive as well as interesting portion of its contents. THE VERY CREAM of the PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE BRITISH ISLES being thus given to our readers.

While The Post thus presents Literary attractions of the very highest order—designed for a more intelligent class of readers than those who take delight in the "blood and murder" and "sawdust" literature of the "dash weeklies"—it does not neglect those departments that the Family Circle equally requires. It publishes weekly AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES—the NEWS, FOREIGN, DOMESTIC and CONGRESSIONAL—Receipts useful to the Housekeeper and the Farmer; many of them worth more than the cost of a year's subscription—Riddles and Problems—The Markets—Bank Note List, &c., &c., &c.

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DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 102 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

☞ *Sample Numbers sent Gratis to Any One, when Requested.*

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

A Miss Sarah Coffman, daughter of Mr. Joseph Coffman, of Shenandoah county, committed suicide on the 20th ult., by taking arsenic. The Rockingham Register says the reason assigned for the act is, that she had unfortunately promised two young gentlemen to marry them.

The Cotton Crop.—The minimum estimates at the South of the present crop, have at last been raised to 3,500,000 bales, and the maximum to 3,600,000 bales—a very small range for the estimates so early in the season.

A rich joke is told at the expense of ex-Senator Foote, who has recently adopted a very clever disguise, i. e., dyeing his beard and wearing a black wig. Arriving at his old stumping ground, Jackson, Miss., the other day, he was rejected as an impostor by the Democracy, who knew Foote by his silvery beard and bald cranium.

Interesting to Masons.—The Bishop of Buenos Ayres, it is stated, has excommunicated all Free Masons, and declared the doctrines incompatible with those of the Catholic Church. In consequence, the clergy have exhorted from the pulpit, the wives and children of Free Masons to quit them, and their servants to denounce them.

Joab, a slave, belonging to Senator Fitzpatrick, brought his cotton crop to Wetumpka on last Saturday, and sold it to Bryan & Cates for one hundred and sixty dollars, in clean cash.

John Jones, of Danville, Tenn., killed himself a few days ago because a coquette in that place had promised her hand in wedlock to two young men, and appointed Thursday, the 16th inst., when both were to be made happy. Jones died desponding, but as ardent in his attachment to the girl as ever.

The Northwest.—Seven States, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, poll 1,263,000 votes, or one hundred thousand votes more the fifteen southern States, three times as many as New England, and nearly a third of the whole vote of the Union.

☞ Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

CEDARWATER, Michigan, Dec. 18, 1858.

Editor Saturday Evening Post.

DEAR SIR:—As the time approaches for me to resume my pleasant relations with your readers, I find myself in circumstances which promise very little for their entertainment.

I have failed to report myself to you for some time past, for the reason that I had nothing cheery to say, and feared to trust to my small share of Mark Tapley's invaluable virtue, for putting a pleasant face on unpleasant things. But now, finding that I must define my position, and reveal my whereabouts, in justice to you, who have done me the honor to make my communications a feature in the prospectus of your new volume, I will "make a clean breast of it," and own up to something which, though rather a misfortune than a crime, save in the stern eyes of modern dietetic reformers, and alas! too common to be a signal disgrace, I am always more or less ashamed of—*illness*.—Perhaps I should say *illnesses*, for I have not been a constant occupant of bed, so far, or easy chair—I have had some flattering seasons of restoration—some "pretty well, I thank you" intervals. The last two months have been with me a perfect see-saw between convalescence and relapse. I stopped here about the middle of October, intending to spend ten days, or a fortnight at the utmost, with my relatives, and since then have never seen the time when I could safely undertake my long journey to the east, until now, when the weather bids fair to be favorable, and I am feeling *almost* like my old self. I lay a great deal of my illness to the singularly bad and changeful weather we have had throughout the fall, and for the winter thus far. A friend here, who is something of a Yankee Boythorne, never uses any milder terms in speaking of it, than "infernal" and "diabolical." We had, last month, over twenty days of rain—and this month we have had every extreme—severe cold, tempest, sultry warmth, and heavy fog. What constitution could stand such a season? Uncle Sam's might—it has stood some hard shocks, sudden changes and fierce extremes; but I must confess that mine succumbed.

Early next week, I hope to turn my face Philadelphia-ward; but I don't know. I can say, as once said a good old Yankee dame, with a sigh of doleful resignation,—"I have *larned* not to lot upon nothing." My repeated disappointments have cruelly cut into my "will-power," and made me cautious as to how I lay plans and make promises. *I* now add a *Deo Volente* to every plan for the future.

My illness has been nothing very serious in itself, I believe, though the cause of much seriousness in me—not altogether, I fear, of the sanctifying kind. I belong, as you well know, to that class of "quick spirits" to whom, according to the poet, "quiet is a"—something "not to be mentioned to earn polite;" and what quiet is like the forced quiet of illness? Oh, it is prison and bonds and stripes to me! I am always desperate and rebellious under this sort of discipline—which, I suppose, may be the wherefore I am getting so much of it lately.

Provoking, isn't it, that instead of stirring, cheerful "City Thoughts," I should be giving you country complainings and sorrowful apologies.

In the place of "City Sights," I can only sketch you a large, thriving Western village—very like most other Western country towns, except that it boasts an unusual number of trees and amount of shrubbery, which, in the summer, make it exceeding pleasant and cool; a wide circle of cultivated prairie, surrounded by a line of forest land, the timber of which is so thick and so even in its growth, as to seem, as I look out upon it now, like a solid, black wall, shutting out all the world.

In the outskirts of the town, where I now am, all is strangely quiet and still, and as I look from my chamber window, away over the level, snow-covered plain, I can almost fancy we are alone on one of the far prairies of the West.

But this is by no means a lonely or dull place for those who are "up and *doing, with a* HEART *for any fate.*" The society here is peculiarly social and lively, and there have been an aggravating number of pleasant evening parties and gay sleigh-rides, since the winter came in, and I have been laid on the shelf of invalidism.

It is a place endeared to me by most tender and sacred associations—as the birth-place of my little daughter, and as the death-place of a beloved and noble friend—and by the strongest ties of affection and kindred. No amount of pain, or disappointment, or intolerable weather, can utterly wean me from it. And moreover, though the climate of Michigan has not used me kindly, this time, I shall go home with no ill-will against the beautiful State, whose very excess of humidity, so unfriendly to me, clothes plain and wood with the freshest grass and most luxuriant foliage, and nourishes magnificent harvests;—whose very chills and fevers are born on the sedgy borders of fairy-like lakes—or amid tangled wildernesses of bloom and fragrance, and red seas of waving wild roses.

The poet counseleth us to

"Learn to labor and to wait."

I have learned during this late experience of lying on my oars, and letting my canoe drift down the sluggish tide of uneventful days, how much harder it is "to wait," than "to labor." Hour after hour, as I have sat with weak folded hands, in mine easy chair, with spirit uneasy, have I thought of the poets, artists and authors I have known—men and women "with a mission"—enviable toilers with great thoughts and truths, with the spirit of beauty and art—happy slaves of a passion and a purpose, patient bearers of the world's most precious burdens; and I have thought of them as *at work—all at work*. Of the Brownings, putting divine toil into their very dreams and reveries, and building them up into noble structures of song—reversing the riddle of Samson, and bringing strength out of sweetness—immortal vigor from the *dolci far niente* of Italian life:—of William Page, studying with all the devout and passionate enthusiasm of an old alchemist, into the most secret mysteries of art and nature—making his canvas to glow, almost palpitate with life:—of Charlotte Cushman, filling the stage with the grand sweep and manly altitude of her genius; or studying life, in the *live* society of London or Rome:—of the Howitts, working ever with pure, tireless hands, and hearts inspired with generous enthusiasms:—of sweet Anna Mary Howitt, only laying down the pencil, to take up the pen—painting nature with the one, human life with the other, in exquisite, feminine touches, which are but the lovely transparent disguises of genius and power:—of her artist-friend, Madame Bodichon—scenery-hunting through strange countries, or in the mountains and gorges of Wales, or along the lanes and lake-sides of beautiful England—or standing at her easel, flashing the essence of a thousand wild and lovely scenes upon her canvass:—of Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Mulock, Mrs. Crosland and Miss Pardoe, sitting at their writing desks, as diligently as English dames of the olden time sat at their spinning-wheels—but instead of fibres of wool or flax, threads of human life, ideal, yet most real, running off their dexterous, womanly fingers:—of James, the chivalric, gliding over the canals and lagunes of Venice, in his gondola, not idly, but industriously dreaming of the past—of knightly combats and courtly splendors:—of Albert Smith, nightly making his jolly, rattling journey from London to Chamouni, and ascending Mont Blanc, that stupendous ice-dome which dwarfs St. Peter's to a mole-hill:—of Charles Mackay, always busy, genial and happy—singing at all his work—sweating songs at every pore:—of Dickens, author, editor, actor, and family man,—in every capacity, with his hands full to overflowing:—of Longfellow and Lowell, working away bravely, yet showing no ink mark on their hands—the sign manual of lesser bards—no knotted thought in the brow, no vulgar "fine frenzy" in the eye:—of "Autocrat" Holmes, sitting very quietly at his easy toil, working out exquisite provocatives of mirth and melancholy,—with the prophecy of delicious tears, which shall yet wet our cheeks, glistening in his eyes, and now and then, a low chuckle, the father of a thousand hearty laughs, breaking from his lips:—of Whittier, even in his idlest moods, deeply pondering the destinies of humanity and the purposes of God—and working on, in the spirit's hidden and serene ways, with nature and the divine:—of Bayard Taylor—measuring old kingdoms with his free, republican stride, and harvesting rich classic fields with the broad, keen sweep of his observant eyes:—of Harriet Hosmer, bravely chiseling out her own womanly enthusiasms, in the very shadow of the brightest works of art, at Rome—giving to the yearnings and aspirations of feminine genius, which too often by reason of unfriendly conditions, pass away, as "airy nothings," not only "a local habitation, and a name," but enduring form—making of the lovely illusive ideals of youth, fair realities, beautiful petrifactions.—Or, I think of her, as sweeping over the Campagna, a dashing little Amazon, her spirited face all aglow with health and hope, and the reflected gladness of nature, who there smiles among the tombs, and throws

"a laughing light of flowers"

over the dust of ruined palaces.

This mention of my artist-friend brings me to a subject which I intended to touch upon in one of my letters of last autumn—but did not. I do not remember whether you published it, but in several papers I then saw a biography of Harriet Hosmer, copied from "*The Englishwoman's Journal*," of London. It is very full, quite minute indeed, but I remarked one strange omission, which as far as I can, I would like to supply.

"Honor to whom honor is due,"—and in naming the friends, advisers and helpers of Miss Hosmer in her artistic career, it is certainly not just to omit all mention of Miss Charlotte Cushman. I happen to know that Miss Cushman strongly advised Miss Hosmer's going to Rome when, and as, she went. I first met Miss Hosmer in Paris in the autumn of 1852, where by previous arrangement, we both joined Miss Cushman, accompanied her to Italy, and resided with her, in a private household, of which she was the head, throughout the winter.

Miss Cushman loved and admired her clever countrywoman—and with *her* it is peculiarly true that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." She interested all who frequented her charming house, in the history and character of the young American sculptor, who soon became as much of a lioness in artistic and literary circles as her courageous simplicity, her habits of seclusion, and her great good sense would permit her to be. It was through Miss Cushman, directly, or indirectly, that Miss Hosmer became known to Mr. Gibson, her master in art, and her kind and constant friend.

Miss Cushman has a profound love of art, a reverence for genius, originality and *character* in woman. She has also, as those who know her best, best know, strong and generous affections;—so she still cherishes for the *artist*, in Rome, who is rapidly making for herself a noble fame, and no longer needs her fostering care, the sisterly, almost *maternal* interest she once felt for the ambitious, original, brave, yet simple, hearty and fun-loving girl—the "Hattie Hosmer," of Watertown.

Miss Cushman has now a permanent winter residence at Rome, and has invited her friend, Miss Hosmer, to make it her home.

This may seem an unimportant matter to you, and most of your readers, but I have been a good deal disturbed by the apparent injustice of the article referred to. Any biographical sketch of Miss Hosmer were incomplete and ungracious, without mention of the name, without a tribute to the early friendship, the earnest, womanly sympathy of her sister-artist, Charlotte Cushman,—and I am sure Miss Hosmer would so esteem it.

I trust that you will next hear of me from a point somewhat nearer home—if not from home itself.

With a heart yearning for the right-angles—for the long vistas of red brick walls, marble steps and white shutters—*for* the Saturday-morning-street-deluges even, of the good old city of Penn—I remain as ever, yours,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING—AN IMPERIAL BIRTHDAY—MINIATURE MONARCHIES—PROGRESS IN RUSSIA—A FORBIDDEN TOPIC—A PARTY OF PLEASURE—THE LANDS OF THE RISING SUN.

Paris, November 25, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The welcome rains of the last week have not only raised the Seine (whose waters, during the one hundred and fifty years which have elapsed since measurements of their height have first been kept, have never been so low as during the autumn just ending,) but have induced many of the excitable rivers of the middle and southern portions of France to set up sudden little inundations which naturally alarm the people of those regions, who have not yet recovered from the frightful inundations of three years ago. The Rhone has been driving the boats of the Lyons washerwomen from their moorings, and dashing them to pieces against the bridges; the Doubs has flooded a broad line of meadows along nearly its entire length; and all the cellars of Besancon are filled with water. The northern countries of Europe are bound in ice; a party of young men, who persisted in crossing the Great St. Gothard last week, in spite of warnings, have perished in the snow; and Rome has just been astounded by a heavy snow-storm, being the first time within the memory of men and histories, that snow has fallen at this period of the year in the Eternal City. Here the weather is cold and raw; with every appearance of the approach of the snow which renders Paris so particularly blue-nosed and unhappy.

The Court is still at Compiegne, where various royal and noble visitors are just now staying. The abundance of the game on the preserves of this old hunting-estate has been already alluded to in these letters, as also the Emperor's passion for field-sports. At one of the recent shooting-parties there, no less than eleven hundred head of game were killed; and of this number, one hundred and seventy-nine were brought down by the Emperor himself, who, on this occasion was "the death" of 54 pheasants, 28 hares, 26 partridges, 3 fawns, 8 woodcocks, and 60 rabbits.

Hunting and shooting, however, are not the sole amusements enjoyed by the Imperial party in the sylvan seclusion of Compiegne. Theatrical performances, balls, &c., take place there with great *eclat*, their Majesties passing the evening in the midst of their guests. The Emperor is always closeted with his Ministers by eight o'clock in the morning; breakfasts with the Empress and a "select few" of the guests, specially invited to that honor, and spends the afternoon in hunting, deer stalking, riding, or some other equally active amusement, in which he is joined by most of his guests. Every day, a little before the hour of dinner, all the visitors assemble in one of the drawing rooms. The Emperor and Empress enter this room just before the time for sitting down to dinner, address a few words to some of the persons present, and then proceed to the dining room, followed by the entire party, in the order of precedence intimated by the chamberlains.

The Empress's birth-day occurred last week, and was, of course, duly celebrated, with a mass, a reception of functionaries, a review, which she and her lady-visitors witnessed from a balcony overlooking the court in which the military were paraded under the orders of the Emperor, a magnificent dinner, and a grand illumination of the park, which was thrown open during the evening to the public. Queen Christina, who is now in Paris, visited her former subject, but present equal, in the course of the day; and the Countess Montijo, (the Empress's mother) who, on the strength of her daughter's elevation, has been building herself an extra-splendid palace in Madrid, opened her new abode to the great world, giving a most sumptuous entertainment in honor of the day.

Curious are the shiftings of the European Kaleidescope; the elevations of the lower and the depressions of the higher being equally unexpected and equally odd. While the beautiful daughter of a Spanish grandee (born four years after her papa's decease, and consequently looked upon as an interloper by her affectionate relatives up to the period of the romantic elevation which has caused that nest of duchesses and marchionesses to rally round her as the culminating glory of their house,) has been raised by a caprice of Fortune to the pinnacle of human greatness, States, as well as people, have slidden down from the heights of grandeur to the depths of decrepitude and decay; a somewhat trite reflection suggested by the fallen fortunes of the little principality of Monaco, which rumor has just been declaring that Russia is about to purchase from its sovereign, said rumor, however, being most likely unfounded. Most of the States of Europe have, in turn, coveted the possession of the town of Monaco, which, with its harbor, and the rocky hill that commands the bay, is now all that remains of the former territories of the royal line to whom it belongs; but the Princes of Monaco have steadily refused, through four hundred years, to barter away a possession which recalls the ancient traditions of their house, and gives its owner a place among the independent sovereigns of Europe. To Sardinia, this little State is an eyesore, breaking, as it does, the geographical unity of her dominions; and the court of Turin has repeatedly endeavored, but in vain, to purchase from the "reigning Prince," this tiny State, which might easily be stowed away in the Regent's Park or the Bois de Boulogne, and which is commanded by a semi-circle of high ground belonging to Sardinia. Before the introduction of gunpowder, Monaco was one of the most important points on the Mediterranean, and occupied an important place in many of the sanguinary struggles of the "good old times." But since cannon so completely changed the character of warfare, and especially since 1848, when the two dependent townlets of Mentone and Roquebrunne shook off the rule of their hereditary sovereign, Monaco has descended to the lowest level of insignificance; its port, too small for a frigate to turn in, and utterly deserted by commerce, serves only as a rendezvous for sardine fishers; and if the town itself continues to keep its head above water, the feat is successfully achieved only through the aid of the gambling establishment set up by the Prince, and which, while furnishing a pecuniary subsidy to his empty coffers, is the means of disseminating a few gold pieces among the starvelings of the town. Unimportant as is now this funny little pretence of an independent sovereignty, its existence is so strictly guaranteed by the provisions of former treaties—made when the State of which it is now the sole vestige was a noticeable item in the European confederation—that its ruler could not surrender his miniature sovereignty, even were he disposed to do so. The Free Cities of the North, the tiny Republic of San Marino on the eastern shore of the Papal dominions, and the little kingdom of Man in the Irish Sea, (which retained the shadow of its independent jurisdiction, and boasted of its "King of Man," until scarce a century ago,) are curious examples of local organizations maintaining themselves by the force of treaty or of tradition amidst the political influences that must eventually swallow them up.

In striking contrast with the tiny "principality" of Monaco, are the private estates of the princely house of Liechtenstein, whose chief, Prince Joseph Alois de Lichtenstein, is just deceased. The domains of this house consist of over 104 square miles, being as large as the entire Grand-Duchy of Oldenburg, and twice the extent of the Duchy of Brunswick. The Prince is a sovereign member of the Germanic Confederation, though the principality of Lichtenstein is not much more important than that of Monaco, being but three square miles in extent, a little patch bounded by Switzerland and the Tyrol, furnishing just 70 men to the federal army, and its entire revenues amounting only to 5,500 florins; while those of its ruler's private estates, in Austria, Prussia, and Saxony, are estimated at 1,400,000 florins, all of which, with the sovereign dominion over the pocket-handkerchief of a State aforesaid, now pass into the hands of Prince John, eldest son of the deceased, a young fellow still in his minority.

Passing from the smallest to the largest of European States, we learn from the *Gazette du Senat*, of St. Petersburg, that the Emperor has approved the statutes of the company recently formed in that city for improving the dwellings of the working-classes of that Capital, and at whose head is the Prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz. The Emperor takes the warmest interest in this reform, and all the public functionaries of the city have been ordered to forward the views of the Company to the utmost of their power. The *Gazette de St. Petersburg* contains an article on the affair of the "Charles Georges," and on the subject of immigration in general, expressing almost identically the opinions set forth by the French Emperor in his recent letter to Prince Napoleon, though the Russian journal could not have had cognizance of this letter at the date of its article.

The French being now engaged in expending a portion of their superfluous activity in a war upon Cochin China, in whose dominions some of their missionaries are said to have been ill-used, we are being favored with much new light on the subject of that remote and unknown region. It appears that Cochin China, not having been separated from China proper until some centuries after the Christian era, the features of its inhabitants, and most of their customs, their writing, their social and religious ceremonies, show their Chinese origin; a resemblance which is most strongly marked in the Northern Provinces. Marriages, funerals, and processions are conducted in the same manner in both countries. Their religious superstitions are identical; making offerings to idols, consulting oracles, and having recourse to charms for the cure of disease. Their articles of food, and modes of cooking, are the same; they have the same musical instruments, the same games of chance, and are equally addicted to the training of cocks and quails for fighting. The language of Cochin China is scarcely intelligible to the Chinese, although the written characters in use in the two countries are the same. In both countries the system of moral conduct is based on the teachings of Confucius; but the Cochin Chinese trouble themselves very little to put these teachings into practice; and whereas these precepts are written up in letters of gold in the houses and streets of China, they are seldom seen in Cochin China. The Chinese are cold, reserved, silent, and grave; the Cochin Chinese are very lively, talking incessantly, and open and familiar in manner. The habits of the latter, since they separated from China, have greatly changed; they no longer wear the thick shoes, large satin boots, and wadded stuff petticoats like the Chinese, but go with their legs naked, and frequently bare-footed. Their long, black hair is tied up into a knot at the top of their head, in the way in which the Chinese wore it before the Tartars compelled them to shave their crowns, and to wear only their long tails as they do at present. Some of the Cochin Chinese tie a handkerchief round their heads like a turban; others wear hats and caps of various fashion and material, which protect their faces from the sun. They use parasols made of Chinese paper, or the large leaves of a certain tree, and fans of palm-leaves or feathers.

The Corea is another *terra incognita* about which we are being kindly enlightened in consequence of the aforesaid military operations. Its people are inhospitable, and do all they can to keep strangers out of the country. The houses are low and tiled; the men occupy the front rooms, the women the back ones. From the king to the beggar, the Coreans all sit cross-legged, and the only piece of furniture they seem to care about is the dining-table, which is of an octagon shape, and as elegant as the fortune of the owner will allow, a separate table being always provided for each person. Their utensils consist of coarse china or copper basins, chopsticks, and spoons. Rice, red pepper, salt-fish, cabbages, and plantain-leaves are their sole articles of food, except in the principal towns, where beef and mutton may sometimes be seen. The sole drink of this interesting and luxurious people appears to be rice-water. The Coreans are divided into three castes: the nobles, or descendants of men who have occupied some important post in the kingdom, tradesmen, and laborers. The nobles are so highly privileged that they do exactly what they please, the King himself not daring to control them. The Coreans dress from head to foot in white linen; their great wide trowsers are fastened below the knee with garters; their upper garment is something like the French frock-coat, and is fastened round the waist by a belt of the same material. Their shoes are of white leather, and they wear a broad hat of black horsehair, made very high in the crown to take their hair, which is tied in a knot at the top of the head. The women also wear trowsers, but not so broad as those of the men: and their petticoats of silk or linen vary in color according to the age of the wearer. Young girls wear pink; newly married women come out in yellow; women between twenty and thirty wear violet; above that age they wear white. Whether the fair sex is less fastidious in Corea than in Europe, on the score of the revealment of age, we are not informed, and are therefore left in a state of painful uncertainty as to the average truthfulness of the indications furnished by the toilet of the Corean belles on this important subject. Women of the lower classes, who enjoy the privilege of going where they will, content themselves with petticoats reaching to the ankle; but the female nobility, who never leave their apartments, wear them trailing on the ground. It would appear, from the most recent accounts, that "Crinoline," which has forced its despotic sway on the greater part of womankind—from the inmates of the English work-houses and jails, who have stuck out their petticoats with bars of iron "cribbed" from their bedsteads, to the North American squaws, who have distended their blankets over frames of wicker-work—has not yet introduced its tyrannic sway among the rice-water-drinking population of the Corea.

QUANTUM.

CONFESSIONS OF A TABLE-MOVER.—HOW THE PHENOMENA WERE PRODUCED.—For a long time, Mr. George P. Paine, of Worcester, Mass., has been known as a powerful "physical medium," and his achievements in the line of table-moving have converted hundreds of people to Spiritualism, and been an argument in the mouth of its believers. His demonstrations were not in the dark, like those of the Davenport boys, but under a full blaze of gas, or in broad daylight. He has made tables move apparently without human contact, to the comfort of believers and the confounding of skeptics.

Recently, Mr. Paine came to this city, mainly for the purpose of convincing Mr. Coles, a former medium, who has recently concluded that physical manifestations are a humbug. For this purpose, a circle was held in Mr. Paine's rooms, and Coles, with several others, attended, and were unable to detect any deception. At last, a small hole in the floor, and a rent in the carpet, were discovered in close proximity with the table legs. Three gentlemen proposed to take up the carpet; but Mr. Paine demurred, and requested them to call next day. Mr. Coles and his associates, however, determined not to yield the point, and gave Mr. Paine clearly to understand that they would not leave the room until they had taken up the carpet.

Mr. Paine, finding that he could not stave off an examination, finally acknowledged that the whole thing was a fraud; that he had cheated, not only on this occasion, but from the beginning; his wife and his most intimate friends, as well as his numerous converts, having been the dupes of his premeditated deception.

Mr. Coles stated these facts in the Spiritual Conference, on Wednesday evening, in the presence of Mr. Paine; and, after he had concluded, the bogus medium got up, publicly acknowledge the fraud, and *defended* it on the ground that the end justifies the means. He believed that the great share of the reputed spiritual phenomena is sham, although he was of opinion that some of them are real. He stood commended to his own conscience, and counted it among his treasures in heaven that he had charged nothing, although small presents had, from time to time, flown into his earthly coffers; his labor had been one of love. He had resorted to deception in order to meet deception, and ultimately expose it.

Having defended his course, Mr. Paine exhibited a piece of No. 2 wire, as the veritable apparatus by which he had moved tables and converted hundreds to Spiritualism.—*Worcester (Mass.) Rep.*

THE SLAVE CARGO OF THE WANDERER.—The Augusta Despatch has the following:

"We learn, on good authority, that the original cargo consisted of 420, and that not one of them died or was seriously ill on the passage. It is supposed that the Wanderer acted only as a decoy boat, and that the vessel that brought them is at large. Citizens of our city are probably interested in the enterprise, and those brought up the river are supposed to be their share of the spoils, and have been distributed on their plantations. It is quietly hinted that this is the third cargo landed by the same company during the last six months.

"One of our citizens has bought a slave from the lot recently landed just below the city, for which he paid $250. He is a stout boy, about fourteen years old, and considerable curiosity has been manifested this morning to see the 'distinguished visitor.'"

The Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer says:

"One of the negroes from the Wanderer was brought to this city on Monday, by a gentleman who obtained him from the lot carried up the Savannah river. He is represented to be a likely and very tractable young fellow."

A NATIONAL CONVENTION OF GAMBLERS.—The latest novelty in the way of Conventions, is the convocation of the sporting fraternity or gamblers from all parts of the country, at Chicago. The Democrat of that city says that the city has been "fast filling up" with delegations from different States, sent to attend this Convention. Alabama, Rhode Island and Minnesota were the only States remaining unrepresented on Wednesday last, and delegates from these were on their way to the great meeting. There will be two important matters to come up before the Convention. One will be the revision of the old rules, and the adoption of new ones for the various games. The rules are construed differently in different States. Several lives have been lost in broils arising from this difference in their interpretation. Uniformity of construction is demanded by all the delegates. The other will be the non-interference of professional gamblers in politics. There will be a very warm debate upon this subject.

CURIOUS DEATH.—While speaking of warlike matters, I cannot omit mention of the shocking fate of the gallant General Ardant, who, after commanding the artillery through the Crimean war, has just met his death by a singular accident at Vincennes. In company with Marshal Vaillant, the Minister of War, and a large number of general officers, he was watching the effects of the explosion of bombs, from a blockhouse erected for that purpose. A very small opening, of less than an inch wide, was left for the purpose of observation, and the officers took their place at this alternately. Scarcely had General Ardant placed himself before it when a bomb exploded, and a fragment, passing through the trifling aperture, struck him on the forehead with such force as literally to scatter his brains on his brother officers around. Thus died, in the midst of friends and peace, by an almost inconceivable hazard, a gallant soldier, who had passed through a hundred combats.

"PASS THE PEPPER."—The *Scientific American* gives the following as a capital substitute for distilled liquors, especially when adulterated, as they generally are:—

"Put three or four lumps of sugar, with half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, in a tumbler, and fill up with hot water; when the sugar is dissolved, drink. It is not only pleasant to the palate, but warms the whole body more effectually and quicker than spirits. Those of our readers who try our recipe once, will often, during the coming winter, when the fire burns low, and they feel chilly, exclaim, in the language of our caption, 'Pass the pepper.'"

To the above, the *Evening Bulletin* adds:—

"We can equal the recipe of the *American*. He indeed shows that it is a substitute for brandy; but what would he think of a red pepper overcoat, nay, of a whole suit of clothes, all of the same brilliant material? Yet it is true. In India the *yogis* or priests sometimes make a vow that they will wear no clothes, and as even in India the nights are often bitterly cold, the poor yogee would suffer like Jeptha from a rash vow, were it not for the red pepper with which he rubs himself, and thus maintains a glow said by him to equal that of several blankets. Then the vow is no longer rash, whatever there was rash in it being transferred to the cuticle, which certainly appears afflicted with the complaint known by that name. Thus it may be seen that, what between red pepper without and red pepper within, every individual may find in the narrow limits of a castor that which will enable him to defy the most chilling blasts of winter."

NEWS ITEMS.

On the 8th ult., during a heavy gale, a sea struck the U. S. mail steamship Ariel, instantly killing Captain Ludlow, and severely injuring the second officer and two seamen. The first officer was also slightly bruised.

JUDGE PALMER, of one of the districts of Minnesota, has decided that the increased rate of interest, such as three or five per cent. per month, agreed on in promissory notes, to be paid after the note is due and unpaid, is legal and collectable. The ground of the decision is that the increased interest is to be looked upon in the nature of a penalty or a damage for the nonfulfillment of a contract, rather than as interest for the money loaned; and it is therefore not a violation of the Usury Law. The Supreme Court is yet to pass on this singular decision.

THE rumor that Lords Grosvenor and Cavendish, and Mr. Ashley, who went hunting in the Red River valley, were killed by Indians, is not true. It is not throats, but their eye teeth, which are being cut by the natives. The last we heard of them they were paying one hundred dollars each for Red River carts which were worth about five, and were plunging into a wild career of speculation in broken down Red River horses that threaten to bread down the double houses which they represent, and reimburse the natives for the contribution which they have heretofore been paying through the medium of the Hudson Bay Co. to sustain the ancestral splendors of their line.—*St. Paul's Pioneer, 7th.*

METHODIST LAYMEN MOVING.—A paper, called the "Layman's Advocate," has been started in New York city, to advocate a change in the policy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whereby laymen will be constitutionally admitted on equal rights with clergymen to its legislative and judicial bodies.

A WEIGHTY PRESENT.—Mr. James Lennox has presented to the New York Historical Society a collection of Assyrian marbles, from Nineveh. The collection consists of thirteen slabs, averaging about seven feet square and six or eight inches thick, weighing about seventeen tons; they are in *bas relievo*, with sculpture in the cuneiform character, and as the thirteen pieces stand side by side, they measure seventy-two feet six inches. They are duplicates of those in the British Museum.

EXPENSIVE CREW.—The Memphis (Tenn.) Eagle and Enquirer tells of a farmer, in that vicinity, who sold a yoke of oxen for a fifty dollar bill. He put the bill in his tobacco box, and the ensuing night he waked up, and wanting a chew of tobacco, he opened his box, and, by mistake, took out the bill and "chewed" it up, and spit it away to nothing.

AN UNNATURAL SON.—A youth named William Waines, son of Mr. Jesse Waines, who resides at the corner of Eutaw and Henrietta streets, Baltimore, was arrested on Tuesday evening last, by Officer Craver, for attempting to shoot his father. The boy, for some time past, has been beyond the control of his parents, and, it is said, whipped his father for what he considered undue interference to check his headlong career. On Tuesday evening he fired at him, but fortunately none of the shot took effect as he had designed.

FROM CALIFORNIA AND OREGON.—The address of U. S. Special Agent Nugent to the citizens of the United States in British Columbia, is considered as insulting to the British authorities, is generally condemned by Americans, and has excited the indignation of the British inhabitants. Mr. Nugent was at San Francisco, prepared to depart for Washington.

The census of Oregon estimates the number of inhabitants of that Territory at 42,850, and the number of voters 9,900.

The Legislature of Oregon met on the 6th. Mr. Douglass was inaugurated as Governor.

The Governor of British Columbia has issued proclamations revoking the Crown Grant to the Hudson Bay Company—organizing a Colonial Government—legalizing his previous acts, and adopting the laws of England.

Tickets for passage by the Tehuantepec route sold at a premium at San Francisco.

A severe earthquake was experienced on the 26th ult., accompanied by a gale of wind and freezing weather.

Col. Fremont has ejected the Mercedes Mining Company.

Much excitement was created at San Joaquin by the finding of diamonds, rubies and opals.

The law proceedings against the New Almaden Quicksilver Company had occasioned some excitement throughout the State, and the people had resolved to memorialise the Government to permit the working of the mines to proceed.

The shipments of gold dust, during the month of November, amounted to $4,400,000, and the deposits in the mint to $1,250,000.

The steamer Hermann, which arrived at San Francisco on the 27th ultimo, was seized almost immediately afterward, and libelled for the nonpayment of wages due to her crew. It was believed that other creditors of the vessel would also cause attachments to be issued—so that it is extremely doubtful whether she ever again reaches New York as the property of the present owners.

Experiments were about to be made in the shipments of specie by the Tehuantepec route.

The Telegraph connecting San Francisco with Genoa, in Utah Territory, had been completed.

Accounts from the Sandwich Islands report that one hundred and seventy whalers in all had arrived. Many of the ships had been much damaged by collision with the ice.

THE CUBANS ASTOUNDED.—NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 24.—The steamship Cahawba arrived here this (Friday) morning, with advices from Havana to the 20th inst.

The President's Message had been received at Havana, and the publication of the portion relative to the purchase of Cuba had produced the greatest sensation; the proposal astounding the authorities.

Senator Douglas had been received at Havana with great attention.

WRITTEN AT TRENTON FALLS,

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

FROM A NEW VOL. IN PRESS BY TICKNOR & FIELDS.

When first I stood upon this rocky ledge,
Beneath whose brink the frenzied waters toil,
And eager leaning from the dizzy edge,
Gazed breathless in the caldron where they boil;
Love held my hand, and bade me nothing fear,
For life and youth, and joy, and hope, were mine,
And death and sorrow could not come me near,
I was so compassed with their arms divine.

Oh, God! how full of happiness I stood!
Looking into the eyes that were my day,
And felt my soul, borne like that rushing flood,
In eddying tumults of delight away.

When next I came unto this water's brink,
A devil dragged me ruthless toward the wave,
And bowed my head, and bade me plunge, and sink,
And thrust me downward to that hideous grave;
Crying, "Go down! into that clamorous death,
That leaps, and rolls, and roars, to swallow thee,
For what hast thou to do with living breath,
Who hast outlived all life but agony?"

Oh, God! how full of misery I lay!
On the grim margin of that dreary well,
Of love, and hope, wretchedest castaway,
Longing in nothingness thenceforth to dwell.

But I have lived to come and stand again
On the wild torrent's brim, with soul serene,
And watch the foaming amber pour amain
Down the steep chasm its glorious golden sheen,
And by my side Heaven's holy angel stood,
And in my heart the peace of Heaven shone,
And as I gazed on the fair, fearful flood,
My spirit sought the footstool of God's throne!

Oh, God! be blest, that all thy floods have gone
Over my head!—that bitterness is past—
Oh, God! be praised, that though I stand alone,
I stand upon Thy steadfast rock at last!
Dear God! be thanked, that Thou hast let me live
On till this hour of holiest influence mild,
And healed my heart, and saved my soul alive,
And as Thine angel given me back my child!

SAVING LITTLE: WASTING MUCH.

A Story that Husbands may take to Heart.

People shook their heads at the marriage. He was too old, too grave (some said austere: others sullen) and she was too young and too inexperienced to understand herself. It was a pity, they said, that the father allowed it; but he was such a careless, indifferent, good-for-nothing fellow, that he was neither guide nor father to her, and did not trouble himself as to what became of her. Therefore, some among the friends took the other side, and thought anything good which should rescue her from an uncongenial home, and give her that protection and respectability, which she scarcely received from her father, with his dyed hair and padded coats: out all day and up all night: filling his house with strange men, of questionable habits and associations. The Ayes had it, and the marriage preparations went on. Pretty Anne Farre indulged in her quiet dreams of peace and home, and drew out for herself the plan of her housekeeping, which was to be so wonderfully perfect and complete; and pictured the delight that she should find in the order and regularity of her married life, and was contented, satisfied, and quite resolved.

Percy Clarke himself, though he was grave and somewhat stern to those with whom he had no special connection, had been a devoted son to that unlovable old mother of his; and was not that a guarantee for Annie? Then, how calm and uniform he was in his manners to her; and this was much to a timid, reserved nature, such as Annie's; whose nerves had been jarred by her father's noisy life and dissolute, imperative ways, and to whom that whirlwind of passionate, demonstrative, insatiable love, which novelists and youth delight in, would have been simple destruction. Annie reasoned deliberately about her marriage, and did not think it a bad thing on the whole. Although she was only twenty and he eight and thirty, and though her rich brown hair hung bright and thick and warm over her young face, and his wandered spare and gray down his sallow, shrunken face. She was not romantically in love with him; she knew that; but she respected him. He was quiet, regular, and unexacting. Above all, he was a relief and a release. It was not a future to turn from without some special cause, wretched as she was in that almost disgraceful home of hers; and a young girl, unhappy at home, can find many good reasons why her lover is just the man she should have chosen, and she had the privilege of choice.

They married: and a week after the marriage he took her to his house in Bloomsbury, and Annie's real life began.

Percy was the junior partner in a lawyer's office; with a respectable income, and of a respectable position. Indeed, no other word was so well suited to him as this most comprehensive term; for he was in all things eminently and thoroughly respectable. Mediocre, too; which English middle-class respectability implies. Of fair average intellect; of fair average social standing; of middle height; by no means bad looking (but by no means handsome); of just such fortune as professional men have when they are comfortably off; without an expensive habit, an unusual taste or a wild idea,—he was the very type of the ordinary middle-class Englishmen; loved by none, hated by none, but respected by all. He performed the customary duties of life with regularity and without enthusiasm. He went to church punctually once every Sunday, in fine weather. He was a silent man at all times; rarely heard to express an opinion, even on a leading article or the foreign intelligence; parliamentary committees sat uncriticised by him—he read the debates without advocacy, and he did not censure the conduct of the Generals abroad in active service. Yet no one said his silence arose from stupidity. On the contrary, his friends believed him to be a deep and thoughtful man; and that he could, if he would, say much on all matters. His behaviour to his wife was in harmony with the rest of him. He was never harsh to her, never ill-humored! but never tender or caressing: not even during that first week spent at a Devonshire watering-place, when he had lain silent on the sands all the summer day, with his hat over his eyes and his arms crossed behind his head, while Annie worked beside him, and strangers thought him dreamily and luxuriously happy. What a lucky fellow to have the dear little woman in that round hat for a wife, and how madly in love with her he must be! But, after that brief and shadowy honeymoon, when he brought her home, and recommenced his daily work at the office as if nothing had happened, he might have been married many years for all the lover-like attentions or tenderness he bestowed on her. Annie had never been accustomed to attention or tenderness, so did not miss them from her married life, and was quite as happy and contented as she expected to be. She had her house to manage, her servants to initiate into those mysterious secrets called "ways:" her weekly bills to make up and ponder for hours where that mistake of two-pence farthing could be: she had her needlework to do, her collars to embroider, her pocket-handkerchiefs to hem, and his shirt buttons and woolen socks to superintend; so that she got through her days in all gentle tranquillity; never idle and never hurried—a smooth life running on its even course, in which there was nothing to distress, to enrapture, or to excite.

Percy Clarke impressed but one thing on his wife—the need of strict economy. In token whereof he made her a very meagre allowance for the house. Yet Annie contrived that it should be sufficient, in the wonderful way in which clever housekeepers can save unseen expenses without curtailing the public comforts of the family. She studied all the best economies, and devised private and peculiar savings of her own, and thus was enabled to make an appearance of luxury and domestic refinement decidedly beyond her allowance.

"I hope you are not getting into debt, Annie," Percy would sometimes say, if she had provided a dinner more showy than ordinary; though she always contrived to have one special delicacy at the least on the table.

"No, Percy, you may see my books," Annie would answer, with a little quiet triumph: if it were allowance-day, perhaps adding: "I have made it do exactly this week, and have just four-pence over."

"Very well. I do not want details; only do not exceed, that is all." And Annie did not.

Old Mrs. Clarke, the mother, lived in a small house at the upper end of Islington. She was an invalid; and not softened by her age or infirmities. She was as hard as her son, and not so even-tempered; a good deal more exacting, and actively selfish: for Percy's faults were but negative at the worst. Mrs. Clarke was accustomed to say, that "she had never taken to that Ann Farre." She thought her too young, and did not believe in her housekeeping: for Mrs. Clarke was of the old school, and believed in nothing that did not include constant supervision and active doing among the servants by the mistress. She was one of those, too, who locked up everything, and would have thought it infinite negligence if a mistress gave her servant the key of the tea-caddy, or suffered her in the store-closet unwatched. She it was who continually impressed on Percy her conviction of waste and unthrift in his house; pointing to Annie's little table elegancies, which the young wife had obtained by the most cunning devices of hidden savings, as evidencing extravagance and needless expenditure. But, as Percy knew that he allowed a very moderate sum, he was not incited to active participation in his mother's views. Nevertheless, her perpetual recurrence to the subject did not tend to make his money-dealings with his wife more liberal.

One day, Percy came home half an hour later than usual: he who was so methodical and punctual. He was paler than Annie had ever before seen him, as if internally agitated; dining in more than his customary silence; replying only by monosyllables to all that Annie said, or not replying at all, if her words were not put in the form of a direct question. In the evening, while they sat together in the drawing-room, suddenly he looked up from his pamphlet on the Corn Laws, and said:—

"Annie, my mother has lost her fortune. It is not necessary to enter into the business details of the matter; besides, you could not understand them, if I did. It is enough to tell you that she comes to-morrow to live with us. Let the best bed-room be given up to her; and I trust I need not impress on you the necessity of dutiful and affectionate attention."

Annie's heart sank. She felt that all her quiet happiness in her home was at an end. But she had too high notions of wifely duty to utter a word of protest. She merely drooped her eyes over her work, and said, "very well, Percy," in her usual calm, undemonstrative manner. Nothing more was said; and no one knew that, while she sat hemming that precious little robe, tears were silently falling within the shadow of her curls, steeping the muslin held in her trembling hand.

Mrs. Clarke was a difficult person to deal with in a house. Her times and tempers were contrary to those of most people; and she had no idea of yielding. Annie's quiet pertinacity irritated her beyond measure.

"God bless the girl!" she used to say, blazing up in her fierce, passionate way, "has she no blood in her veins at all, that she can never be angry, or speak above her breath?"

But, harsh critic and undisguised contemner as she was, she did not intend to be cruel. She was only mean and sour-tempered. The day after she came, she spoke to her son about his house-bills; asked how much he allowed a week, what average he made for each, and what sum he appropriated for that future day which, in some people's imaginations, is always raining furiously. Percy, over whom his mother exerted a great, but unacknowledged influence, detailed his arrangements and position without reserve; adding up, for her edification, how much each person in his household was supposed to cost.

"So much as that? Well! I must say you are a generous husband, boy! I am sure your wife has no right to complain! When I was with your dear father, I had not half that sum."

"Is it much, mother? I thought it moderate. I do not think we could manage on less."

"If not actually on less, then it ought to include me as well," said the old lady, tartly.

Percy was silent; giving only a little inquiring hem, as he sat puckering his lips contemplatively.

"I hope you were not thinking of any addition on my account. It is bad enough to be ruined, and be forced to come to you for a home at all; old people are best by themselves—but it would be intolerable if I were any extra burden to you."

"I was thinking of allowing six or seven shillings a week extra," said Percy, hesitatingly.

"Nonsense, child! your wife must learn economy; she knows little enough of it now. I tell you—and surely I ought to know, I who have kept house these forty years and more—you allow quite enough for us all; and it will be useful to her to learn how to make the best of everything."

"But she is not very extravagant now, mother, is she?"

"Quite extravagant—quite! At all events, take my advice, and make the trial. If she cannot make it do, she will tell you, and then you can alter your arrangements. Take my advice, Percy; you are soon to be a father, and all that, and you ought to be doubly careful, considering what expenses are before you."

"Very well, mother, I will. I can but make the trial, as you say; and, if Annie is hard pressed and tells me, I will enlarge the allowance."

"Yes, yes, that's all very well, as between you and me; but don't tell Ann."

"I am a lawyer, mother," said Percy, with a grim smile, "and can keep my own counsel."

So the law was passed in this domestic Star Chamber, that Annie was to learn experimental improvement in the art and science of housekeeping; a law which never would have been passed at all but for Annie's private and peculiar economies, and her careful concealment of painful details. Percy was inclined to be mean and stingy, certainly, but he was not revoltingly so; and, to do him justice, he would not have imposed a task that he knew was too hard to be accomplished. He was not sorry to lay even a heavy strain upon her, just for experiment's sake; but he would not have done more, willingly. So that poor Annie's very care it was which now caused her discomfiture; her very economy had created distrust of her management.

At the end of the first week the young wife was behind in her accounts. There was brandy for the old lady, and not a little of it; and there were her early dinners and her hot suppers; eggs and tea-cakes for her breakfast; special tea making; bedroom-fire and the extra candles. The housekeeping books showed frightful figures—increased by a full share and a half. But Annie was not disturbed; but reserved the revelation of those multitudinous figures as a simple fact with which her husband had to be made acquainted.

When pay-day came, she told Percy quietly that she was so much short that week.

"I cannot help it; but in such a small family as ours, one person in addition makes a great difference. Our own expenses have been just the same as usual; so that I find your mother's cost exactly equals my deficiency."

"You must provide for that out of the allowance," said Percy, with hardness.

"Out of the allowance, Percy?"

"Yes. I am not able to afford you more; and by some means or other you must make what you have do."

"Very well, Percy; I will try," said Annie, meekly.

"Trying will be of no good if it is not done, Annie."

Percy spoke positively, as if on the brink of displeasure.

"I will do my very best," she repeated.

"But for this past week, Percy, when I did not know your arrangement, and so made no provision—"

She turned such a pretty, pleading face to him, that he said,

"I will pay you for this once—only for this once, mind; not again under any ordinary circumstances"—emphasising the ordinary. "Remember what I say, Annie. You know I never speak without a meaning. What was it you mentioned you wanted in addition?"

"So much," said Annie, naming a large sum; very large comparatively with the whole. "I have had a great many things to lay in."

"Here, then, is the money," said Percy, slowly counting it out, coin by coin. "Now, do not let me hear the subject repeated. You know what you have to do, and you must do it."

Annie thought long and hard all that day. In what could she retrench? Of course Percy was right; husbands always are right in the eyes of girlish wives not married a year. He was right, and must be obeyed, of course; but how? She would leave off sugar, and profess a sudden distaste for pastry; give up all beer and wine—of which she had but little as it was—and put herself on lenten fare generally.—But as yet her proposed retrenchments did not go beyond a few personal sacrifices, and she felt that something more must be done. At last it came to her like a bright inspiration—she would dispense with the extra service she had been accustomed to pay for. The washing was done at home; and the young wife ironed and starched, and stood and stooped, and worked herself to the verge of hysterics and fainting fits; all in the most perfect good faith that such a life was the normal condition of a good housekeeper, and that she was only doing her ordinary duty. No one knew how much she did, but the servants. If old Mrs. Clarke knew it, she kept it to herself, and thought it only as it should be. Percy did not see, and never asked, what his wife did in the house or out of it. He was the most loose-handed husband possible with the marriage-reins with regard to everything except money; and his wife, had she been so minded, might have enjoyed any amount of questionable independence. This non-interference was what Annie had always liked in him, and what she specially valued now in the pride of her secret household heroism; and, for the next two weeks she was profoundly happy to find that she had succeeded in her obedience, and that her expenses were within the mark. Gratified, in fact, that she could buy luxuries for her peevish mother-in-law, and secure her husband's comfort and approbation by the toil and labor of her own hands. For that was the English of the thing, said the superiorly educated servant.

This could not go on for long. At the proper time Annie's release from household toil came in the form of a beautiful boy, which seemed to her an angel come to lie on her heart. This was Annie's happiest time of life. She had never known a real emotion before; never felt a real love. Her father she had feared and shrunk from; her husband she respected and obeyed; but her child—what a golden word of hope and love that was!—what a treasure of divinest joy the waxen touches and warm soft lips of that little life unlocked! She would have been contented to pass through years of pain and sorrow for this gracious time; and she felt she could now face any grief with that precious nestling at her heart, to reward her by its love and cheer her by its progress and well-being. Pretty she had always been; but now she was beautiful; so beautiful that the old nurse shook her head, and said she did not like the glory of her young lady's looks; and then she maundered off into half-a-dozen fatal experiences, which made the servant girls cry; whereat the old dame was satisfied, so went sighing and shaking her head up-stairs.

Mrs. Clarke was impatient of Annie's illness. She missed her in the household: she found that the servants were neither so neat nor so thoughtful as Ann, as she used to call her spitefully, eschewing the Annie as too coaxing and refined; and she could not bear that any one about her should need more care than herself. She had been so long accustomed to be the first consideration; so long accustomed, too, to the moral coddling of invalidship, that she did not yield the right of superior care and sympathy to any one. Mrs. Clarke's infirmities and sundry diseases were her social stock in trade. They were her claims to regard and attention, as some people's riches, or as a pretty woman's beauties. She was for ever urging upon Annie the wholesomeness of early exertion and the infinite evil of giving way. So that Annie "put herself forward too soon," said the old nurse, despairingly, and was stirring about the house at a time when other ladies would have been cosily wrapped in white-frilled dressing gowns and lying on bed-room sofas.

Percy noticed nothing. When, a fortnight after that new life had come among them, Annie appeared at the dinner-table just the same as ever—only paler and more languid, but infinitely lovelier—his sole remark was—shaking hands with her and kissing her forehead—"It scarcely seems a fortnight, Annie, since you were here; but my mother says it is so." Yet his manner had an indescribable shade of softness quite unusual to him; and Annie forgave the coldness of his spoken welcome.

But Percy was not soft either in speech or in manner; and, after to-day, he gradually relapsed into his old silence and indifference.—Annie reassumed her household duties; and, in another week all things were exactly the same as before. The old nurse even leaving, called away earlier than was expected, owing to an error in dates elsewhere. And then Annie had her treasure in her sole charge, with no one to whom she could trust him with confidence; therefore, without assistance or relief. She had no nursemaid, and her two servants were not clever about babies. She was surprised to find how that one little creature absorbed her time, and how scant was the leisure left for the busy house duties she had undertaken before his birth. Yet the inexorable law had to be fulfilled, however unable she was to fulfil it.

When those terrible house-books had been put back into her hands again, and the mean sum once more doled out, she had received a strict injunction to be doubly careful now with this heavy expense before her, and to remember that she saved for her child while she saved for her husband. This completed the circle of Annie's obligations. Passionate love was now added to her former principle of steady duty, and she had not a wish to evade the observance of her task.

Still, she could not spare so much time as formerly, and she was not yet strong enough for active household work. The consequence was that week by week she fell gradually behind, until she was in debt several pounds; all to be saved out of an allowance that did not compass the inevitable expenses? It was hopeless to think of it. What could she do? If she curtailed her husband of any of his special comforts, she feared he would say that she no longer regarded him, and thought only of her baby. Besides, ought she to fail in making her duty to her husband the first thing in her life? Exacting Mrs. Clarke it was impossible to cut down. By virtue of that fallacy—the privilege of old age—she must be pampered, and petted, and preserved, whoever failed or wanted, and a worn-out useless life be nursed up to croon away a few idle years by the chimney corner, though the young and the needed should perish in its stead. Mrs. Clarke was impossible. What could she give up further in herself? She had not, as it was, one of the ordinary physical helps to a young mother, and, if she reduced her regimen to within straiter limits than at present, she must be content with plain bread and water. What should she do? While in her own room, kneeling by her baby's pretty little cot, and longing for him to awake, she suddenly remembered that she had a handsome old-fashioned pearl necklace of her dear mother's. She never wore it; it was of no use to her. She would sell it; and thus be saved from further anxiety and unhappiness. It might be a pain; but it was only a pain of sentiment at the worst; while, to vex her husband, and perhaps lose his confidence, would be a crime. That very day she paid up all her back bills, and started fair again, with a balance in hand.

But this must not happen again. She must work as she did before; for she was strong now, and must bear her part with the rest.—And she did work as before, improvising all sorts of portable cradles for her darling, so that he should be watched over the while she was busy, as zealously as if she had nothing else to do than care for him and guard him. She worked till her limbs ached, and her head was dull, and her heart depressed. She worked till she was faint and giddy, and overwrought. But no one saw it. She looked always neat and glossy for dinner; and Percy did not scrutinize her narrowly enough to see how pale she was; nor how thin; nor how her lips quivered when she spoke, and her eyebrows lifted themselves up, as if to lift a heavy weight from her eyes. He saw her just as she used to be, with her placid smile, and her low, sweet voice; with her dainty costume, always marvellously clean and choice, though simple. He saw nothing beyond all this; and as the house went on exactly as it did before, he was never weary of congratulating himself in secret that he had taken his mother's advice, and had put Annie on her mettle, to rightly understand and practise economical housekeeping.

Mrs. Clarke had a slight attack of indigestion; and what a miserable house that slight attack created! Percy was impatient and fault-finding; the old lady capricious and dissatisfied; and poor Annie's powers were taxed till she was often faint and weeping from weariness and fatigue. But she had her old immunity from observation; though now and then the servant would steal up with tea or coffee, and sometimes with a cup of arrowroot, saved from the old lady's surplus, as more needful to Mrs. Clarke the younger and weaker. The neck of Mrs. Clarke's illness from over-feeding was broken in a fortnight, though things had not quite come back to their old groove even then.

This illness was expensive. Percy did not insist on the house paying for the doctor; but the thousand little luxuries and the inevitable waste of a sick-room made sad havoc with Annie's calculations. Once or twice, when she was very hard pressed, she impoverished her husband's dietary. He always spoke of it, gravely and displeased; and once he said that he did not approve of negligence; which was becoming marked, very marked, and excessively unpleasant. If she neglected him, her husband, how could he feel satisfied that his dear mother, sick and infirm as she was, and obliged, after her long life of independence and well-doing, to come to him for support; how could he feel sure that she received due attention when he was away? He was afraid that Annie's motherhood, instead of opening her heart, had narrowed it. Annie broke her heart, in her silent, quiet little way, over these reproaches, and she inwardly resolved not to offend again, whatever it cost her, or whatever other means she must use.

But those horrible bills! She could not keep them under: not though she cried for vexation and wounded pride, to think what a bad manager she was, and how unfit to have the guidance of Percy's household expenditure.—Then her baby wanted some new frocks; and Annie, true to the instincts of a young mother, had set her heart on having them robed and worked, and had been quietly trying to save up for them, little by little, ever since she sold the pearl brooch, the companion to the necklace. But to no purpose. So Annie sold another little trinket, and another, and another; paid her bills, and bought her baby six pretty white worked frocks, and a white cashmere pelisse, and went to bed that night, proud and blessed as a queen; free from debt.

But Mrs. Clarke complained to her son that yesterday her outlet was tough, and she was sure Ann bought inferior meat for her, that she might save for such senseless extravagance as she had just been committing; for he did not see how she had bedizened up that miserable little baby, who would look much better, too, in nice clean prints, instead of with all those useless falials about him? In her day, indeed, such folly was never thought of, and, for her part, she thought what had been good enough for her children, might be good enough for Ann's. And she wished Percy would mention it.

Percy was hard, but not small. Provided things went the way of his ordering, he did not care to criticise the stages. He soothed his mother, spoke to Annie about the offending veal, but said nothing ill-nature of the frocks. He had not the heart to do it, with the boy laughing and crowing in his mother's arms, and kicking out his little feet, in all the freedom of a first day of short coats.

By degrees, every little article of private property that Annie possessed was swallowed up by extra housekeeping expenses. When she had nothing left that she could appropriate, she had nothing for it but to dismiss her two servants. She hired a strong, good-natured maid of all work, clumsy, strong and ignorant; one of the tribe who are prone to fall up stairs with tea-trays; and who, if they were not watched, would fry potatoes in blacking, and lard boots with the butter. Thus, all the directing fell to the young mistress, and half the work; for the girl was too uncouth to do anything well, or anything of herself. Day by day she slowly faded and drooped; day by day, patiently and steadily continuing her work; her cheeks paler, her eyes dimmer and larger; the lustre of her warm brown hair dulled, and its color faded; the slender waist shrinking, as the round young throat grew thin and spare. But there was no one with eyes so keen, or love so quick as to mark the change; no one to cheer her by a kindly word; no one to step forward to save her. Unpitied and unnoticed, she dedicated her precious existence to those who did not love her, nor care to watch or guard her. Too heavy a burden had been laid upon her, but her faithful hands bore it bravely to the last; and with all a woman's trust and fortitude she neither thought it hard nor cried out to be relieved. If she had but spoken! If Percy had but cared to win her confidence!

At last, one day, she failed. She had been for some hours ironing, when, very quietly, she gave a deep sigh, and fell fainting to the ground. The red-armed maid ran screaming away, and Percy hurried down-stairs. He found her to all appearance dead on the kitchen floor; and taking her in his arms, bore her tenderly and gently to her room. For he loved her as much as he could have loved any wife, and terror frightened him into nature and demonstration. A doctor was sent for; Mrs. Clarke snappishly repudiating all idea of danger, or the necessity of making a fuss because of such a common thing as a fainting fit; but, when the doctor came, he looked grave, ordering his patient to be kept in bed, and to be most zealously tended; ordering her, in fact, the attendance of a person dangerously ill, and for whom the only chance lay in loving watchfulness and care. But he found her so extraordinarily reduced, and with such distinct evidences of organic mischief, that he himself had but little hope of the result. He inquired minutely into her life; and the whole mystery was revealed. She was dying, literally from fatigue and exhaustion, he told her husband frankly, but severely.

Percy never left her bedside. Night and day he nursed her, as she would have nursed her sick child. But this love had come too late. Not all his tears could give back the life which his blindness and hardness had helped to destroy. Neither could it now call out the love in that young heart, which had lain like a sleeping child that would have smiled back love for love to the one who had awakened it. All too late! too late! Happiness, love, and life all gone, and the head that might have stayed them now stretched out imploringly in vain.

When Percy left that death-room, he looked a shrunken, gray, withered old man, as if years, not hours, had passed over him since his young wife died. From that day no one ever saw him smile, and no one ever saw him lift his eyes frankly to theirs. He kept them fixed on the ground, or turned away like a man who has committed a crime; and so dragged on a life which had no need to ask of another the mystery and iniquity of torture. Even his mother cried a little when the baby died a month after its mother.

SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year! his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands,
Because he gives no more?
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One grateful hour, and then away.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

SLIPS OF THE PEN.—*By an Elderly Woman of the World.*—After all, it is with men as with dinners—the plain and simple ones are those we have recourse to the oftenest, and of which we tire the least.

Creditors and poor relations never call at the right moment.

The love that is fed with presents always requires feeding.

Promises go further than performances, on the principle that Hope has as many lives as a cat, whilst Gratitude no sooner crosses our path, than it is crushed with as little pity as a black beetle!

Every woman has some cosmetics in her cupboard.

Timidity in a man is admired by women a great more than it is liked.

Scandal is a visitor, who never calls without bringing her work with her.

Abuse of women, like the abuse of wine, only falls on the head of him who freely indulges in it.

If it is difficult to see any fault in a child, or a book, or a pudding, or any one we love, how is it possible that we should see any in ourselves?—*Punch.*

PICTURES.—A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls with nothing on them; for pictures are loop-holes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such expressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful and perhaps heavenly scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

WHEN TO WEAR INDIAN RUBBERS.—Many persons wear Indian rubber overshoes in cold dry weather, to keep their feet warm. This is an injudicious and evil practice. India rubber shoes are very comfortable and convenient for covering the feet during wet and sloppy weather, but they never should be worn on any other occasion; their sole use should be to keep out the water. They should, however, be therefore taken off whenever the wearer enters the house, and be worn as little as possible, because they are air tight, and restrain the perspiration of the feet. The air cannot be excluded from them, or any portion of the body, for any length of time, without sensibly affecting the health. No habit tends more to good health than clean feet and clean dry stockings, so as to allow the free perspiration of the nether extremities.—*Scientific American.*

How'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—*Tennyson.*

SONG.

SOLDATEN-MUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HAUFF, BY LIEUT. HENRY B. KELLY, U. S. A.

True soldier-pluck, the wide world o'er,
Will win in peace or war;
Where loud the flashing cannons roar,
Where trills the light guitar!
Be 't for a kiss, with maid or wife,
For life's a blood, with the foe,
The soldier's eager for the strife—
For pluck will win, you know,
Hurrah!
For pluck will win, you know!

Where sweeps the dance in giddy whirl,
And bright eyes flash for joy,
The arm enclasps the laughing girl,
And hand with hand may toy;
Who sues too long, ne'er wins a kiss,
The soldier woos not so,
But dashes boldly on to bliss—
For pluck will win, you know,
Hurrah!
For pluck will win, you know!

For when on sultry Summer's day
The march is far and fast,
The gallant charger's strength gives way,
He sinks and falls at last;
The soldier keeps his courage up,
And sings ri-too-ral-loo,
For he will neither faint nor droop—
Sheer pluck will take him through,
Hurrah!
Sheer pluck will take him through!

And where proud banners flaunt the gale,
And hostile columns clash,
And far and near, o'er hill and dale,
The iron thunders crash;
Far flashing steel from out the strife
Sends forth its glittering ray;
There, man to man, and life for life,
True pluck will win the day,
Hurrah!
True pluck will win the day!

And should my mortal hour be nigh,
I'm ready, prompt at hand;
'Tis not for sordid gold I die,
But for my Fatherland!
I've done my duty like a man,
And sealed it with my blood!
So live—so die—be *that* your plan.
And pluck will make it good,
Hurrah!
And pluck will make it good!

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER I.

THE REVENGE.

"Open the window, wife, and let in some air. Phew! this place is enough to choke one."

It was a close, sickening atmosphere, truly. The chamber was dark and low, and on the old tester-bed, hung round with checked curtains, lay something covered with a ragged counterpane.

The speaker approached the bed, drew aside the soiled coverlet, and started back as he beheld a ghastly face, with eyes unclosed, and rigid jaws.

"Come here, Hannah—come here. Uncle Zebedee's dead!" The man spoke in a low tone, then turned and looked at his wife. She was a neat and gentle-looking woman; he, a fine, broad-shouldered man.

"Oh, Richard!" The woman's face and voice expressed her horror at the sight before her. It was death in its most repulsive form. An old man, with pinched and withered features, with beard unshaven, and eyes unclosed, lay on that wretched bed, staring upwards, as though, hovering over his couch, he still beheld the awful presence that had announced his doom.

It was Zebedee Peck, the miser, who lay there, stark and dead; and the man, in a stone-mason's dress, standing by the bedside, was Richard Mallet, his nephew, a working-mason.

"God ha' mercy on him," said the man, after a silence, during which he and his wife stood gazing in awe on the face of the dead. "He'll need it, poor soul! He hadn't much mercy for others."

Through the open windows came a murmur of voices from the court below; then there was a noise of footsteps on the stairs.

"Here are the neighbors, Hannah. Come, look up, lass. There's lots to be done."

Richard Mallet threw the sheet over the face of the dead, and went to the door to meet the new-comers. There was a goodly troop, principally women. Curiosity was written on every face. Peck's Court had been in a state of excitement for some hours.

For two days past, the old miser's house had been shut up, and nobody had seen anything of its owner. At first, it was supposed to be only one of Daddy Peck's whims, and his eccentricities being well known, no one troubled themselves about the matter. The next day, it was reported, early in the morning, that the old miser had had a fit; by noon, it was said that he had hung himself in his garters from a beam in the garret; and lastly, towards evening, it was asserted that he had been murdered by thieves, who had plundered the house, and escaped over the back-wall. Whereupon, a consultation was convened at the pump, by the matrons of the court, as to what ought to be done under the circumstances, and various resolutions were proposed. One lady advised trying the effect of a watchman's rattle, and a cry of 'Fire!' under the window; another advocated a long ladder, and a descent through the garret; a third was for having a policeman sent for, and breaking open the front-door with the strong arm of the law; while a fourth, an enlightened washerwoman, suggested sending at once for Richard Mallet, Old Peck's nephew and nearest relative. This bright idea carried the day; and a fleet messenger was at once despatched for the stone-mason and his wife—"in a case of life and death," as the messenger was strictly enjoined to say.

When, therefore, Richard Mallet proceeded to inform the neighbors that his uncle had been found dead in his bed, and nothing more, there was something like disappointment written on their anxious faces. The court had made up its mind to a terrible catastrophe—a suicide at the very least; and now there would be nothing but a coroner's inquest after all. However, with that to look forward to, and the question of the miser's wealth to discuss, it had gained something, and so the court recovered its equanimity.

"He's gone then, at last!" "Well, we're all mortal, you see!" "His money's o' no use to him now!" were among the pious remarks uttered by the bystanders, as they crowded round the bed.

"Let's hope his money will go into better hands, mass," said the intelligent washerwoman, addressing herself to Mrs. Mallet. "You mustn't fret, my dear; it's the way o' Providence, and all for the best, you know."

Saving that Mrs. Mallet had never spoken to the deceased a dozen times all the twelve years of her married life, it required no great amount of resignation on her part not to fret. She was only pale and frightened.

"Go home, Hannah," whispered her husband; "I'll see to things, and get these people away. Don't tell Jess."

Mrs. Mallet made her way out of the house, an object of much interest to various members of the court, awaiting, at windows and on door-steps, her reappearance. It was a trying moment for the good woman. She was before a critical audience. If she carried her head erect, it would be attributed to her pride as the wife of the miser's heir; if she held it down, it would be taken as a hypocritical assumption of sorrow; if she made haste, it would be to avoid "lowering herself" by talking to them; if she loitered, it would be to show herself and receive homage. But Mrs. Mallet cared little for the criticisms going on around her, and hastened home to get her husband's supper ready, looking neither to the right hand nor the left.

Richard came home before long. The hearth was swept, the supper ready, the boys in bed, and little Jessie, the lame child, sewing on her stool by the fire. The man hung up his cap and coat behind the kitchen door, washed off the lime and mortar from his hands, and then—a clean intelligent-looking man—came and sat down to his supper.

"Come here, Jessie," said he, when the meal was finished.

The child hobbled to him on her crutch.

"You remember Uncle Zeb, don't you?—the old man we went to see once, eh?" Richard kissed the child's forehead.

"Yes, father."

"Well, he's dead, my girl; he's dead. Do you remember what he said to you that Sunday as we went to see him?"

"Yes. He asked me if I'd like to be a rich woman, and have a fine house, and go abroad; and I said no, because I couldn't help mother to sew, or get your tea ready then."

"What else did he say?"

"He said: 'When old Uncle Zeb's dead, my dear, you'll find he hadn't forgot you;' and then—then I began to cry, because he grinned at me so."

"Yes, it's true enough. That's what he said, Hannah," remarked Richard, turning to his wife. "I never said a word about it then, nor since, nor has Jess. It was better not. But he told me how as he had made his will, and hadn't forgot this child."

Mrs. Mallet almost dropped the loaf of bread in her hand, in her amazement.

"You don't think it's true, do you, Richard?"

"Can't say, my dear. He was cunning as a fox, and deceitful as Old Nick. More likely he's 'a left it to a 'ospital. Anyhow, the will is found, and, as he'll be buried to-morrow, we shall know afore long."

Richard Mallet seemed to take the matter very coolly. Not so, however, with his wife. The bare idea of their poor lame child inheriting any of the hoardings of Old Peck, the owner of nearly all the houses in the court, and the reputed possessor of an account at a bank in the city, was too much for her. The wildest hopes were excited in her mind; she could think and talk of nothing else.

"Well, Richard," was her concluding remark that night, "we've been very happy all these years, and yet we've never seen the color o' his money: and, after all, we can do without it. If he should leave us anything, it won't be that we've been seeking for it; nobody can say that. We've had too much pride ever to demean ourselves by courting him for his money's sake; and ever since he abused you so, for marrying me, nobody can say you have cared to have his favor."

"You're right there, Hannah. If any of it should come to us, we'll know it's come as it ought. Don't be too sure on it, though. Uncle Zeb was just the man to play us a trick at the last. He never forgave, he always said."

It was well, perhaps, Richard Mallet added these words; they were some little preparation to his wife for the events of the morrow.

When the morrow came, and the miser had been laid in a grave hallowed by no tears nor tender memories, the will was opened in the presence of Richard Mallet and his wife, in one of the deserted rooms of the miser's house. Through the half-open shutters, a scant sunbeam streamed on the wig of the old lawyer reading the will, and made a track of dancing motes across the dusky air. Mrs. Mallet sat on a worm-eaten chest (there was only one chair in the room, that occupied by the lawyer,) and Richard, holding his hat in his hand, stood by his wife's side.

The old lawyer read the preliminary clauses of the will, to which both his hearers listened attentively; the one with respect for the big words, the other with a patient endeavor to grasp their meaning. The executors appointed were two gentlemen living in a village in Kent, where the deceased was born. Though Zebedee Peck had drawn up his will himself, it was all in proper form. He had commenced life as a pauper-child in a Kentish workhouse, risen, through the progressive stages of hop-picker and errand-boy, to be clerk in a lawyer's office, and, finally, bill-discounter and money-lender in London. Consequently, Old Peck knew what he was about, when he made his last will and testament. He had prepared a surprise, however, for whoever should read it.

The old lawyer suddenly stopped, blew his nose, and glanced down the parchment. There appeared to be something unusual in the document.

"All my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever"—repeated the lawyer with an uneasy sort of "hem"—"I give and bequeath to—to—Jessie Mallet" (the parents both turned pale,) "the daughter of my nephew, Richard Mallet of Little Winkle Street, in this city, and this—"

The lawyer glanced over a few words further, and then came to a dead stop.

"This is quite irregular—quite out of the course. Really I don't know; I think, my friend, it would be better your wife should step into the next room whilst I continue."

"No, sir; go on: she can hear it," said Richard.

The lawyer, with a strange look at them both, resumed. "And this is the revenge I have long promised myself. In leaving my money thus, may I be sowing the seed of estrangement between Richard Mallet and his child! May it place a bar between them all their lives! May it divide their household! May it make the daughter ashamed of her father, and the father jealous of his daughter!"

Mrs. Mallet put out her hand to her husband with a terrified face. Richard stood quite still, but his brow grew black as night.

"May wealth be the curse to them it has been to me, and bring discord between kith and kin! It is with the belief that it can and will do this that I leave my money to Richard Mallet's daughter. 'Ill-gotten gains never prosper,' he once told me. Let him remember this—let him take it to heart now, when these same gains have become the legacy of his own child."

The lawyer stopped, for Mrs. Mallet had burst out weeping; but Richard was standing as before, though with great drops of sweat upon his brow, and his wife's hand clenched tightly in his.

"Them is words, sir, as nobody has a right to use," said he, in a low, hoarse voice—"them is words as 'ull rise up in judgment agen him one day. Sooner than have one penny o' his money now, I'd—don't pull my hand, Hannah; I know what I'm a saying—I'd see my wife and children lie dead in the streets. Look here, sir—look here; that was Uncle Zeb's work!"

The man had suddenly bared his arm, and was pointing to a ring of livid flesh that encircled it.

"When I was a lad, he hung me up by that arm, and beat me with a rope, because I wouldn't do his dirty work. I forgave him that though, years ago, for I got on in the world without him, and got married, and was happier than he had ever been. But now that he tries to set my own children agen me, as he once tried to set me agen my wife, I wish the Lord may—"

"Oh, Richard, don't, don't!" His wife put her hand upon his mouth, and stayed the curse upon his lips. "Don't say them bad words; don't, Dick, don't. Remember what you tell the boys always. Oh, my poor man!"

She clung to her husband's shoulder, and wept there.

"You're right, my lass. I preach, but I don't practice."

Richard Mallet drew a deep breath, passed his hand over his wet brow, and sat down on the chest, with the veins all swollen in his face, and his limbs trembling with the efforts to subdue himself.

"Is there anything more to read, sir? I'll know it if there be, if you please."

"No; nothing but the usual clauses for giving proper power to the executors—mere matter of detail," replied the old lawyer, apparently very ill at ease.

"Then, sir," said Richard, slowly and deliberately, "I'd like to say once for all, in the presence of you and my wife as witnesses, that I 'ereby refuse to have, and renounce, for me and for my child, every farthing o' this man's money."

Richard uttered the words as solemnly as though they had been a proper legal oath of renunciation, and then, with a look of relief, got up and kissed his wife. "Don't cry, my woman; we'll be going our way home again."

"Yes; better do so, perhaps—better do so, Mr. Mallet," said the lawyer. "But I must remind you, that—that the property of the deceased is left to your *child*, and not to *yourself*. It is in the hands of trustees. You cannot, therefore, renounce what is not your own. However, we'll talk matters over together to-morrow, at my office."

The cloud that came over Richard Mallet's face at these words did not disappear again that night. He went home in silence, nor spoke one word to his wife all the way.

For the first time in his life, he drove Jessie away from him, when she brought her stool and knitting to sit at his feet; and, for the first time since they were born, the boys went to bed without their father's kiss.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE REVENGE WORKED.

Richard Mallet never closed his eyes that night. He got up at six next morning, had his breakfast, and then, as though nothing had happened, went and did half a day's work before going to the lawyer's office.

His wife stood and watched his manly figure as he strode down the street in the blue light of early morning, with his tools on his shoulder; and then, as he turned the corner, she went back to her fireside, and sat and cried as though her heart would break, till the milkman came round with the morning's milk.

It was a long day at home. Jessie wondered what made her mother so sad and absent, and why she sat and looked at her so strangely at times.

"Are you angry, mother?" asked the child once, as she caught one of those looks fixed upon her.

"Angry, bairn? Don't talk—don't talk. Perhaps it would have been better you'd never been born, my poor girl. The Lord only knows;" and the mother turned away from her little daughter with tears in her eyes, and a foreboding heart.

When Richard came home, his wife saw by the expression of his face that the matter was decided in some way.

"Hannah," said he, laying down his tools, and wiping his forehead with a handkerchief he took out of his cap—"it's as he said. Our child has got this fortune, and we can't take it from her. He tells me Jessie is worth twenty thousand pounds!"

"Twenty thousand pounds, husband! What? Twenty thou——! Oh dear, dear."

The poor woman laughed and cried in the same breath. Twenty thousand pounds! It was impossible not to rejoice. Uncle Zeb's maledictions were forgotten for a moment, in the dazzling visions those words raised before the mother's eyes.

"Call Jessie here," said Richard, sitting down.

And Jessie came to her father's chair, and looked up wistfully into his face. It was something new to feel afraid of father; but Jessie did feel so, as she beheld the way in which he looked at her.

"Jessie, my girl, I want to talk to you," began Richard. "Now listen to what I am goin' to say; you're a 'cute little lass, and can understand me, I know. Uncle Zebedee's will has been opened, and we find he's left all his money to you. You'll be a very rich woman, one day, Jessie, and you'll have a big house of your own."

The pale face of the child flushed, and her eyes sparkled.

"You're very glad, Jess, ain't you?"

"Yes, father, I am glad. Shall we have a home of our own, then, and a garden?"

"Yes, you will. And you'll wear fine clothes, and live with grand folks, who are a deal cleverer than father and mother."

"But I shan't leave you," said the child, with a quick grasp at her father's hand.

"Not for always, p'raps; but you must go to school, and learn of somebody who can teach you better than father can."

Richard Mallet's face twitched as he thought of the old spelling-book over which he and his child had spent so many happy evenings. They were at an end now. But, looking at his wife, he went on:

"Yes, we musn't keep her like ourselves, Hannah. She must have good schooling, you know. She must be different from us."

Jessie stared at her parents with her big brown eyes, and her heart beat fast. She was a clear-headed, reasoning little creature. The life which she had been compelled to live in consequence of her infirmity—an infirmity more the result of a delicate frame, than actual disease—had quickened her intellect, and rendered her wise and thoughtful beyond her years. So she shed no tears, though her heart was full, and took her chair out of her father's sight and plied her needles fast in silence.

That night Richard Mallet and his wife sat by their fireside till long after midnight discussing the fortunes of their child. At one moment, the poor mother thanked Providence for Jessie's good luck; at another, she shuddered at the thought of the curse attached to the miser's wealth.

"Oh Richard, if his words should come true. If our child should grow to be ashamed of you and me!"

"Hush, Hannah!" Richard checked his wife angrily. "It's only like a babby to talk i' that way. How can a dead man's words do any harm!"

Though Richard assumed indifference to his uncle's malediction, it troubled him in reality. The first thing on waking, the old miser's terrible words occurred to him. All day long, as he plied hammer and chisel in the stone-yard, fragments of the curse sounded in his ears. As he sat at dinner, under the shed, he found himself mechanically tracing in the dust, with the end of a broken tool, the words: "May it place a bar between them all their lives." Many a night did his wife hear him sigh in his sleep, and mutter and moan about "the gold" and "my own bairn." But by day he would rebuke his wife for being affected by superstitious fancies, and tell her she ought to know better than to trouble herself about such things. He would not have owned for the world that these same fancies were haunting him, sleeping and waking.

Richard Mallet was a man of resolution and few words. When he had decided on doing a thing, he did it at once. So, having come to the conclusion that his child must be brought up as befitted her altered circumstances, he lost no time in lending his aid to carry out the necessary changes.

Ere six months, Jessie Mallet was the inmate of a handsome home in a boarding-school, in Kent, near one of her trustees; and the stone-mason and his wife had returned to the life they were leading before the death of Zebedee Peck.

It was not the old life, though. Richard was as steady and industrious as ever, as good a workman, as kind to his wife, and as fond of his two boys; but there was a change in him. It was not that the new position in which he now stood towards his master, his fellow-workmen, or the world, perplexed him. He was not the man to disquiet himself on that score. He held up his head as before, worked hard, took a joke good-humoredly, brought home his earnings every Saturday, and never troubled himself about what the neighbors thought or said as to his affairs.

It was at his own hearth that this change was to be seen; at his own hearth, where, when he taught the boys their letters at night, he missed a gentle little voice in his ear, and a soft little hand in his; where his eye often rested on a chair that stood vacant in the corner, with a little crutch by its side. At such times, he would grow hard and stern. There was not the influence in these things that clings to tokens that remind us of the dead: they only recalled a separation founded on injustice and wrong. Uncle Zeb need have prophesied no further; he had already obtained a cruel revenge. The very fear of his curse ever being accomplished was enough to embitter the rest of his nephew's life.

"Hannah," said Richard Mallet to his wife, one Friday morning, "I shan't be home to-night, nor mayhap for these next three days. I'm going to see her."

He kissed his wife, put on his best hat, placed a stout stick and a small bundle on his shoulder, and went away. Jessie had been gone nine months.

On Tuesday night, his wife stood at her door looking out anxiously for his return. It was nine o'clock, but warm and fine, and the month of June. Ere long, in the dusky twilight, she espied a toil-worn man coming slowly up the street. A neighboring lamp shone on the man's figure, as he approached. Hannah started as she caught sight of her husband's face. It was so worn and jaded, she hardly knew him.

"Gi'e me a sup to drink, Hannah," said Richard, when he had entered the house and sat down.

The dust upon his dress showed that he had made the journey on foot.

"It's a long spell to Canterbury, you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do." He was anxious his wife could understand that the cause of his fatigue was physical.

He took a long draught at the mug of beer, put it down, and then, with his elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand, said:—

"I can't touch my supper yet awhile. I'm dog-tired. I'll tell you all about my journey, now, and then we've done with it." He took off his hat, loosened his neckerchief, and then, without raising his eyes to his wife's face, began:

"Hannah, I have seen our child. I have been down to Canterbury, and seen the place where she lives, and the company she keeps. But though I've seen her, she ain't seen me; I hadn't the face to show myself, arter all. When I got down yonder on Sunday afternoon, and see the grand old house she is livin' in, nigh by the cathedral, and the young ladies walkin' in the garden, I said to myself; 'It will never do to show yourself there, my man;' and so I made up my mind I'd come back as I went, without even a word or a kiss, and be satisfied if I could only clap eye on her for a minute. So I watched about the house till they all come out two and two to go to the cathedral close by, and then I saw my child, hand in hand with a lady in silk, who walked at the head o' the line. She seemed kind o' gentle with our little girl, and helped her on a bit, for she couldn't quite keep up with the others; and Jess looked up at her as though she liked her, and wasn't afraid. I kept my eyes on her, and followed after 'em up to the church-door, and when they went in, I seemed to be drawn on like, and went in too, as though I couldn't do other. It's a brave place is that cathedral, and lots to see in my line; but I could only look at one place all the time, where she was sitting among the ladies, looking just as quiet and as good as I've seen her look a score o' times a sittin' in yon chair." He paused a moment, then went on. "You should have seen her eyes, Hannah, when the organ was playin'! She was happy then, I warrant. I minded to sit on a back bench where she couldn't see me, and there I watched her, whilst they played and sung, till, all at once, I felt I was going to choke, and then (God forgi'e me!) I rose and walked out of the church, with a curse upon my lips. I would have set off home then and there, but somehow I couldn't tear myself away. I saw them all come out of church again, and go back to the big house, and I loitered about the iron gates, hoping I'd see her again in the garden, or at the windows, but I didn't. A servant came out, afore long, looking very smart and tidy; and, thinks I, I'll just ask him how Jessie is, and what she's a-doing of now; but when I went up to him, he stared at me in a nppish-sort-of way, and so I only asked him what o'clock it was. I'd half a mind to ring the bell, and go in, after all; but every time I looked at my dress and my bundle, my heart failed me; so I turned away at last, and came back as I went, without ever hearing the sound of my bairn's voice. Perhaps I was a fool, and ought to have gone in without fear or shame, as an honest man should; but the Lord knows I'd rather have come back as I have, than seen her look ashamed o' me, or brought a blush to her cheek. I couldn't ha' borne that, Hannah!"

Richard Mallet's voice sank as he uttered these words, and his great hand trembled as he bent his head over the table. The spirit of the man seemed bruised and broken down.

For many days Richard Mallet repented of the sacrifice he had made, and upbraided himself for ever having allowed his child to be removed from him.

"Why did they ever permit this unnatural separation to take place?" the parents asked themselves.

"Jessie would never be theirs any more now," said the poor mother. "They had better forget their own bairn. By the time she had finished her schooling, she'd be no company for such as them."

Richard was the first to regain right feeling on the subject.

"Hannah," said he one day, "we've done our duty, and it's no use talking. Jessie must be brought up as she should be, and you and me ought to be the last to stand in her way. I promised her trustees we'd be no hindrance to 'em, and we ain't goin' to break our word."

When Richard spoke thus, he looked more cheerful, outwardly, than he had done for many a day.

Whatever fears and anxieties he might have, they were henceforth to be confined to his own breast. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE AFTERNOON.

Oh, call in the afternoon,
When all is quiet and still,
For noon is the mountain-top,
And 'tis pleasantest down the hill.
Then sit till the twilight comes,
And is lost in the rising moon;
And the tenderest thoughts spring up.
Oh, call in the afternoon.

Ah, morning calls are cold,
And are buried in the knell
Which summons all the world—
The ring of the dinner-bell.
But, oh—when dinner is done,
You cannot be here too soon,
When the care of the day is o'er,
Oh! call in the afternoon!

☞ Seven men confined in the House of Correction, say their first manœuvre act was attending a private meeting to nominate candidates for city offices.—*Boston Post.*

FANNY'S BARN-YARD SONG.

Chicky! chick! chick! oh, come along, quick!
From my little fingers a crumb you may pick.
Quaks! quaks! quaks! says the white old drake,
And the ducks shake their tails with a short little shake.
Quack! quack! quack! says the one in black,
And they split their throats, as they answer, quack!
Cock-a-doodle-doo! here's a health to you!
And the rooster bows to the feathered crew.
Cluck! cluck! cluck! I wish you much luck.
Says a mother hen to a setting duck.
Pe! pe! pe! oh, pray wait for me!
Say the turkey brood, as plain as can be.
Gobble! gobble! gobble! my snout's in a hobble,
Says the strutting cock, with an ugly bobble.
Pot rack! pot rack! I'll quit such a pack,
Sings the Guinea hen, as she flies the track.
'Taint never no use, screams a sensible goose.
To mind the rude ways of fowls what is loose.
Then hissing aloud to the wondering crowd.
She waddles away, quite happy and proud.
Now the peacock tries, with his hundred eyes,
To astonish and awe; but the shanghaies rise
And clearing their throats, flap their short-tailed coats,
While they sweep the barn-yard of corn and oats.
Then the Poland duck, with his comb in a tuck.
Gives a foreign twirl to his best tail curl;
While a bantam swell goes on tip-toe a spell,
To escort for a while a Cochin belle.
Then they crackle and crow, hiss, gobble, and blow,
And all speak at once, both high and low.
Hush! hush! hush! cry the Muscovies, hush!
We are whispering secrets as soft as mush;
Then bowing around, almost to the ground,
They bobbing retire with a murmuring sound,
And chicky! chick! chick! oh, come along, quick,
Brings order again, while a crumb they pick.

RAISING THE WIND.

The other morning a lady left home to make some purchases, pay some visits, or transact some other feminine business, no matter what. As she was walking along one of our best streets, which happened to be nearly empty at the time, she was suddenly accosted by a gentleman, a perfect stranger to her. He was short and stout, with a bushy head of hair, white gloves, cloak, and all the other outward evidence of gentility. He addressed her very familiarly, and expressed his pleasure at having met her.

"I believe I have not the honor of your acquaintance, sir," said the lady, drily, for his familiarity was rather of the impertinent order.

"Well, never mind about that, it is never too late to make an agreeable acquaintance. Are you going up this way? I'll go along; or here, take my arm."

"I really must decline the honor, sir, and request you, if you are a gentleman, to leave me at once."

"Bah! how pretty you look, when you are angry!" and the vulgar fellow was preparing to put his arm round her waist, when the lady was overjoyed at seeing a tall, well dressed gentlemanly man turn the corner, and advance rapidly towards them. Her exclamations brought him to her side at once, and his presence seemed to cool down in a wonderful degree the ardor of the first comer.

"What is the matter, madam?" he asked, "has anything happened? Can I be of service to you in any way?"

"Sir, I have been grossly insulted by this person."

"You scoundrel!" (shaking his stick at the short fellow, who sneaked away,) "if it was not for making a scene in the open street, I would cudgel you to death. (To the lady:) The vagabond who presumed to insult you, is gone, madam; you need not fear now."

"I am under the greatest obligations—"

"Oh, don't mention it, I beg you. Will you allow me to offer my escort, to prevent the repetition of any such insult?"

"I should be sorry to trouble you, but really I have been so much agitated by what has happened, and my nerves are quite unstrung, and I must go home—if it is not taxing your politeness too much—that fellow may return."

"Don't be afraid, I will take care of him."

The lady accepted the gentleman's proffered arm very thankfully, and retraced her steps home. On the way they talked about balls and concerts, the weather, the opera, the news of the day, and other nothings which make up fashionable conversation. To judge from the gentleman's manner and discourse, as well as from his frock, cane, and yellow gloves, he was altogether *comme il faut*. When they reached the lady's door, he bowed and was taking his leave.

"I really feel much indebted, sir," said she, "for your very timely interference."

"Don't say anything more, I beg of you."

"Very much indebted, indeed, and if—if I could acknowledge your services in any way—"

"Why, if you please, you may give me two shillings."

"Two—" The lady was thunderstruck; but she really felt grateful to her preserver from insult, and without saying a word, pulled out her purse and handed him the money. He took it and walked away. At the corner, our short friend of the cloak and white gloves met him.

"Well," asked he, "how much did you get?"

"Two shillings," replied he of the cane and yellow gloves."

"That will do; let's go and get some breakfast."

HARD BUT JUST.—An act was introduced into the English Parliament in 1670, "that all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall, from and after such act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, stand null and void."

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

On the 20th, Mr. Rice, of Min., offered a bill, which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Territories, to organize the Territory of Dacotah.

Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., moved to take up the French Spoliation Bill, for the purpose of assigning some day for its consideration, and gave notice that he would call it up on the 6th of January.

The Pacific Railroad Bill coming up as the order of the day—

Mr. Wilson, of Mass., offered a new bill, as a substitute, the provisions of which are substantially as follows:

The President and Senate shall appoint five civil engineers, practically experienced in the laying out and construction of railroads, who, within two years shall locate the route of a railroad from the Missouri river to San Francisco, through the region between the 34th and 43d parallels. If the President approves of their decision, the railroad, as located by them, shall be built by the government, under the direction of a board, to consist of the Secretaries of War and the Interior, the Post-Master General and the Attorney General, who shall contract with the lowest bidders for its construction, in sections of not more than twenty-five miles in length. Money to build the road shall be raised by loan, as needed, in sums of not more than $10,000,000 annually. From the passage of the act till the location of the road, all public lands between the aforesaid parallels shall be withheld from sale, but shall be open to preemption by actual settlers. After the road is located, the proceeds of the sale of lands, for one hundred and fifty miles on each side, shall constitute a fund for the construction of the road and the payment of the debt incurred by it.

Mr. Polk's amendment, to strike out in the original bill, the words, "from the Missouri river, between the mouths of the Big Sioux and Kansas Rivers," and insert instead, "between the 49th parallel, on the boundary of Minnesota, and the southern boundary of the United States," was lost, by a vote of—yeas 17, nays 29.

Mr. Foster, of Conn., discussed the merits of the road, chiefly in regard to the question of tariff on the materials to be used, and moved an amendment, requiring that the road be built exclusively of American iron.

This motion elicited considerable discussion, but was finally adopted, yeas 25, nays 23.

Mr. Rice, of Min., spoke at length on his Pacific Railroad Bill, which he introduced on Thursday.

On the 21st, a bill making appropriations for the improvement of the St. Clair Flats was taken up and passed—yeas 29, nays 22.

The Pacific Railroad Bill came up, Mr. Seward, of New York, would not say much concerning the details of this bill. If he were allowed to prescribe a route, and the policy of constructing a Pacific railroad now, he would choose a path which would be a continuation of the road that our great north-western emigration has hitherto followed. He would discard all employment of companies, and all grants of public lands, and would build the road as a military, postal and national highway, with the money and credit of the Federal Government, and surrender the lands along its route to the actual settlers, free of cost. He would increase the revenue by increasing the tariff on imports, and create a sinking fund to absorb gradually the public debt. But he had concurred in presenting the bill now under consideration, because it was the only alternative. He admitted that there were many objections to the bill, which were obnoxious. But it is time for deliberation to end, and for action to begin. So, being earnest in his desire for a Pacific railroad, he would accept the bill as it stands.

Mr. Ward, of Texas, addressed the Senate in favor of the Texas route, but his remarks were indistinctly heard.

Among the resolutions presented to the Senate were the following:

One by Mr. Seward, directing the Committee on the Judiciary to report if any further legislation was necessary to stop the slave trade.

Mr. Davis, of Miss., objecting, it was lost.

A bill was passed authorizing an advance of $2,500 to Hiram Powers, for the statuary now in progress for the Capitol.

After an Executive Session the Senate adjourned.

On the 22d, fifty or sixty memorials were presented from nearly all the counties of Pennsylvania, asking for protection for American industry.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, submitted a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the President for copies of the correspondence between the Mexican Government, Minister Forsyth, and the State Department, and such other information as will elucidate the complications which resulted in the suspension of diplomacy between the two governments.

Mr. Hunter, of Va., submitted a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Postmaster General to inform the Senate what changes in the postal laws are necessary to render the Department self-sustaining.

On motion of Mr. Mallory, of Florida, a joint resolution was adopted permitting certain officers of the navy to accept from the British government medals and snuff boxes.

Several messages, the contents of which are unknown, were received from the President, whereupon the Senate went into Executive Session for several hours, after which the Senate adjourned.

On the 23d, the Senate was opened with prayer, read by a Catholic priest, who was clothed in the surplice and cassock.

Mr. Stuart, of Mich., attempted to bring up the Agricultural College Bill.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Ala., Mr. Iverson, of Ga., and Mr. Bright, of Ind., objected, and the Senate refused to take up the bill by a vote of 20 yeas to 28 nays.

The bill allowing a pension to the widow and family of Col. Turnbull was taken up, and warmly advocated by Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., and the debate on the bill occupied considerable time over the morning hour.

Finally, the bill granting thirty dollars per month was adopted, by a vote of 26 yeas to 18 nays.

A motion was adopted that, when the Senate adjourned, it be to reassemble on the 4th of January next, in the new hall. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 20th, Mr. Hughes, of Ind., introduced a resolution instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill making appropriations for taking the Eighth Census.

Mr. Whitely, of Del., offered a substitute to confine the census simply to an enumeration of the people.

The latter motion was rejected—yeas 51, nays 140.

Mr. Hughes's resolution was then adopted.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and resumed the consideration of the bill giving pensions to the soldiers of the war of 1812.

Mr. Smith, of Ill., wanted to include the soldiers engaged in the Black Hawk war. He scouted the plea that, because the Treasury was not full, justice should not be done those patriots.

After further debate, both for and against the bill, and without coming to a conclusion, the committee rose.

Mr. Phillips, of Pa., gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill regulating and fixing the duty on imports, and for other purposes.

On the 21st, Mr. Kellogg, of Ill., asked, but did not obtain leave, to introduce a resolution instructing the Committee on Territories to report a bill providing for the election of all local officers in the organized Territories of the United States by the people, they to pay the expenses attending the election; also, providing that the Government shall grant lands to actual settlers; also, that a State Constitution may be formed when there is sufficient population for one Representative in Congress—the Constitution to be submitted to the people for ratification.

Mr. Cavanaugh, of Minnesota, introduced a bill to organize the Territorial Government of Dacotah.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Pension Bill for the soldiers of 1812.

A number of amendments were offered, which after debate, were rejected.

Mr. Savage, of Tenn., offered a substitute, which was agreed upon in caucus, proposing pensions for all who had served sixty days or more, or had been engaged in the actual war of 1812, or during that period. The benefits of the act to be extended to the marine corps, and in the event of the death of the pensioner, his widow to receive the pension during her natural life. The pensions are graduated so as to give those serving twelve months $96; those serving six months $75, and those for sixty days $50 per annum.

Mr. Fenton, of N. Y., offered a substitute, providing that pensions, which have been, or may be granted to the various classes of persons, shall be considered to commence with the time of the wounds or disabilities, and he calculated according to the existing invalid pension laws. In case of the death of the widow, the children or next of kin to receive the pensions.

Mr. Fenton's substitute was rejected by two majority.

The substitute of Mr. Savage was then agreed to, yeas 122, nays 61.

Pending the question on the passage of the bill, as amended, the House adjourned.

On the 22nd, the House passed the soldiers of 1812 Pension Bill, by a vote of 130 yeas to 73 nays.

The Military Academy Bill, appropriating nearly $181,000 for its support, was also considered. After speeches in opposition by Messrs. Giddings and Lovejoy, the bill was laid aside, to be reported to the House.

Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, offered a series of resolutions, referring the various branches of the President's Message to the appropriate standing Committees.

Mr. Morris, of Illinois, explained his bill, giving the people of the organized Territories authority to elect their Judges, Governors, and all other officers, and providing for the formation of State Constitutions, when they have sufficient population to elect one Representative to Congress. The democracy of Illinois have always been brave and faithful, yet a hostile policy has been pursued toward them by the Administration. The guillotine has been at work, and the places of good men have been vacated, to be filled by miserable scoundrels and sycophants. This he boldly asserted, and could prove.

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, asked—Do I understand that such persons have been appointed by the present Administration?

Mr. Morris replied that he did not assert that the character of these individuals was known to the Heads of Departments, but it is a fact that they were appointed to office. The passage of his bill would quiet the slavery agitation in Congress.

Mr. Ritchie, of Pennsylvania, characterized the election of Judges and Governors of Territories as absurd, and referred to Utah to show what would be its unfavorable operation there.

Mr. Morris said that Mr. Ritchie could insert an amendment exempting the Territory of Utah from the operation of the bill.

Mr. Millson, of Virginia, gave some reasons why he was opposed to the revival of specific duties.

The Invalid Pension and the West Point Appropriation Bills were passed.

Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania, gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill providing for specific duties on a certain class of imports, and so amendatory of the present tariff as to furnish an increase of revenue to the Treasury and proper protection to the labor and industry of the country.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, asked leave, but objection was made, to offer a resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to report a bill authorizing the President to take possession of Cuba until satisfaction was given for the insults offered to the persons and property of our citizens.

The House then adjourned.

On the 23d, Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, submitted a joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Captain Samuel C. Read, for having designed the present flag of the United States. Referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

On motion of Mr. George Taylor, of New York, a special committee of five members was ordered to be appointed to investigate the accounts of the late Superintendent of Public Printing, with power to send for persons and papers, and to report at any time.

Mr. Ritchie, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania, severally made unsuccessful efforts to introduce propositions looking to the alteration of the present tariff, with a view to the establishment of protective and specific duties.

On motion of Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, a resolution was adopted, calling on the President to inform the House whether any measures have been recently taken to procure a reduction of duties by foreign governments on American tobacco.

Mr. Covode, of Pennsylvania, asked leave to introduce a resolution for the appointment of a committee of five members to inquire into the facts of the charge made by the President of the United States, contained in a letter to the President of the Centennary Committee of Pittsburg, that money had been thrown into Pennsylvania to influence the State Congressional election in opposition to his wishes, and to report the names of the persons implicated.

The introduction of this resolution was objected to amid much laughter.

On motion of Mr. Taylor, of Louisiana, the Committee of Ways and Means was instructed to inquire into the expediency of repealing so much of the Act as provides for the debasing of the silver half dollar and other smaller coins, and making them a legal tender in sums not exceeding five dollars.

He also introduced a bill authorizing the State of Louisiana to impose tonnage duties for the improvement of rivers and channels.

Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, introduced a bill to repeal the English Act for the admission of Kansas into the Union. Referred to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Leiter, of Ohio, introduced a bill authorizing the people of the Territories to elect all their officers. Referred to the same Committee.

Mr. Blair, of Missouri, asked but did not receive the consent of the House, to introduce a resolution declaring the Supreme Court decision in the Dred Scott case extra-Judicial, illegal, and void, and asserting that Congress should vindicate its right to legislate on slavery in the Territories.

Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported the Civil, Naval, Legislative, and Executive and Judical Appropriation bills.

Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, introduced a bill providing that the present mileage system be abolished after the present Congress, and that the members be allowed only their actual travelling expenses. Referred to the Committee on Mileage.

Mr. Morris, of Illinois, introduced a bill for the admission of sugar and salt duty free, and also a bill giving the citizens of the organized Territories the right to elect their Governors and all other officers.

Mr. Washburne, of Ill., introduced a bill for laying out a post route from Leavenworth to the head waters of the south fork of Platte river, near Pike's Peak.

Mr. Farnsworth, of Ill., endeavored to introduce a resolution instructing the Committee on Naval Affairs to inquire and report what further measures are necessary to carry out the articles in the Ashburton treaty for the suppression of the slave trade.

A large number of bills and resolutions, on a variety of subjects, were introduced, and referred to the appropriate committees.

The House then, on motion, adjourned over to the 4th of January, in accordance with the joint resolution.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Pacific, of the Galway line, brings Liverpool advices to the 9th inst;, received at Galway by telegraph.

The Queen's Proclamation promulgated in India guarantees to protect religious freedom, confirms all existing treaties and rights, and offers a general amnesty to all save the murderers of the British, provided a submission is made by the rebels before the 1st of January.

The French Government will allow the appeal of M. Montalembert to come before the Supreme Court. The answer will be simply the Emperor's pardon, which, it is pleaded covers everything.

Austria and Prussia are said to be negotiating better defensive understandings between themselves.

A general meeting of the shareholders of the Atlantic Telegraph Company was called for the 15th of December, to consider the condition of affairs. A petition was in circulation calling on the Government to give a guarantee on the new capital necessary to prosecute the enterprise.

The Moniteur officially declares that the disquietude as to the relations between France and Austria, caused by the newspaper discussion, is by no means justified.

France has concluded a treaty with Japan, similar to that made by England.

Spain.—The Queen, in her speech at the opening of the Cortes, said that everything compatible with the national dignity was being done, to secure a pacific solution of the Mexican difficulty, and that if an immediate result was not obtained, the resolutions already prepared would be energetically resorted to.

The address in response to the Queen was adopted unanimously.

Liverpool, Wednesday Evening.—Lord Derby acknowledges the receipt of a memorial praying for Government aid to the Atlantic Telegraph, and promises to lay it before the Commissioner of the Treasury.

The question in regard to the Atlantic Cable will be decided in a few days, and it is thought that the Government will guarantee a new capital. If so, a contract for a new cable will immediately be made.

Corn is in rather more demand, and is freely sold. Provisions continue dull.

Liverpool Cotton Market.—Liverpool, Dec. 8.—The Brokers' Circulars report a decline in cotton since the last report, especially in the middling qualities. Since the sailing of the Arabia, uplands have declined ¼d, and New Orleans and Mobile qualities 1-16d. Holders offer freely, but show no disposition to press sales.

Liverpool, Dec. 9.—The Cotton market is firm this morning. The sales of two days amount to 12,500 bales. Breadstuffs continue dull.

State of Trade.—The advices from Manchester are favorable, the markets generally closing firm.

Breadstuffs are dull. The quotations for Flour are nominal. Wheat is nominally unchanged, and very dull. Corn has a declining tendency, and all qualities are lower; mixed is quoted at 25s @27s; yellow at 27s@28s; and white at 30s@31s 6d.

Provision Market.—The Provision market is generally dull. Beef is heavy and pressingly offered. Pork dull; ordinary Western sells at 65s, but the prices are irregular. Lard is quiet; buyers are holding back; the quotations are nominal, but sales have been made at 54s 6d. There is little inquiry for tallow, and the prices are weak. Butchers' is quoted at 52s.

Produce.—Rosin dull at 4s 2d@4s 3d for common. Sugar quiet. Coffee steady. Rice (Carolina) dull. Turpentine—Spirits steady at 40s. Ashes—Pots dull at 29s, a slight decline—Pearls also dull at 32s.

London Markets.—Baring & Brothers report Breadstuffs steady. Sugar steady. Coffee firm. Tea—average business, without quotable change. Iron—Pig on the Clyde 52s 6d.

London Money Market.—Baring & Brothers quote Consols at 97¼@98.

In American securities, Illinois Central Railroad stock sold at 29 per cent. discount.

☞ A respectable looking woman called lately at a spirit-dealer's shop in Galashiels, for half a gill of the strongest spirits, to sponge a silk gown with. After the quantity requested was drawn from the cask, she was asked for a bottle to hold the same, when she coolly replied, "I haven't far to gang, and I'll just carry it hame in my mouth!"—*Scotch Paper.*

☞ Cowardice consists, not in having fear, but in yielding to it. In well ordered minds fear is the sentinel that wakes up courage.

☞ The rich fool is like a pig that is choked with its own fat—lit only for the shambles.—*Chinese Saying.*

☞ Many are great because their associates are small.

☞ Longfellow, in his new poem, speaks of Plymouth in the olden time, as—

—"a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel."

☞ Something like home, that is not home, like alone that is not alone, is to be wished, and only found in a friend, or in his house.—*Sir William Temple.*

☞ From the Far West.—A man in Kentucky has a horse which is so slow that his hind legs always get first to his journey's end. A man in Iowa enjoys such very *excellent spirits* that he has only to drink water to intoxicate himself.

☞ Revenge is longer lived than gratitude. Indorse Mr. Smith's note to keep him from bursting, and he will forget all about it in a month. Pull Mr. Smith's nose, and he will cherish a secret desire to burn your house down for the remainder of your life. Revenge is a passion. Gratitude appears to be only a sentiment. We can all hate; but it is only one man in a hundred that possesses sense enough to be thankful.

☞ The oldest case of lockjaw which stands recorded, must be that referred to by a Scotch clergyman, who, while preaching to his congregation on the subject of Daniel in the lion's den, and his miraculous deliverance from so imminent a peril, thus proceeded:—"And what dy'e think was the reason why the lions dinna tear Daniel a' to pieces, and eat him up, even as a cat eats up a mouse? Vary weel, I'll tell ye how it was: *The Laird above, he gin 'm the locked jaw!*"

☞ The smallest children are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

☞ Fortunes made in no time, are like shirts made in no time; it's ten to one if they hang long together.

Strange Conduct.—A young man named James Wright was arrested by Lieut. Bernard, in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the charge of disorderly conduct. It seems that he is in the habit of passing himself off as a woman dressed in men's clothes. He has a profusion of long black hair, which he arranges so as to look like ladies' hair turned under. He then paints his cheeks and lips, arranges his collar and bosom in a suspicious manner, and starts out.

He has been following this practice for several years, and has obtained a gait which would be readily taken for that of a lady. Thus equipped, he will enter a drinking saloon, and in a manner calculated to attract attention, and the suspicion will be readily excited that he is a woman in male attire. For several evenings past he has attracted much attention in the vicinity of the National Theatre. He even deceived some of the policemen, who arrested him a night or two ago for a female, and afterwards discharged him.

A Veteran Federalist.—A short time since, an elderly gentleman, whose movements indicated he was not an experienced traveller, was in the day train between Boston and New York. After passing Springfield and crossing the Connecticut river, he made the inquiry, whenever the cars stopped, "Is this Hartford?" At length that pleasant city was reached, and the neighbors of the old gentleman informed him of the fact, presuming from the interest he had evinced about Hartford, that he intended to stop at that place. Quietly removing his hat, he said, "he was an old-fashioned Federalist, and wished to remain with his head uncovered while passing through Hartford, out of respect to the noble men and the glorious political principles connected with the memorable Convention held in that place, December 15, 1814."—*Bos. Trans., Dec.* 16.

A Conscientious Borrower.—A lady in Portland, Me., has just returned a few beets she borrowed fifty years ago of a neighbor, promising to return them in a few days. Such an instance of punctuality is most remarkable, and cannot be beat.

Cause of the Bennett Divorce Suit.—It appears by the evidence in the divorce case now on trial at New Haven, brought by Mrs. Dr. Bennett against her husband, and revealing the most unhappy life imaginable for years, that the young lady married upon short acquaintance, and without her father's approbation or consent; he had never, in fact, seen the bridegroom till after the marriage. The results that followed this hasty and ill-considered union were just what might have been expected.

☞ Patience is the key of content.—*Mahomet.*

☞ "What can be done to check the evils of intemperance?" Keep your elbow straight.

DYSPEPSIA is known as one of the most distressing complaints which afflict humanity; and until the advent of the Oxygenated Bitters, had been considered incurable, or when curable, requiring years to accomplish it. The Oxygenated Bitters perform in a few days, cures, which other medicines take years to alleviate.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	115¼	—
" " '68	115¾	—
" 5 " coupon '74	104	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99¾	100
" " new	100½	100¾
" 5 "	81¼	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	70	71
" 6 coupon	—	65
Allegh City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	54	—
R R issue	50	51¼
Penn 6 pr ct	100	—
" 5 " coupon	98½	100
" 5 "	95¾	96¾
Tenn 6 pr ct	94½	—
" 5 " coupon	82	83
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Missouri 6 "	89¾	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	108¼	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99¼
Virginia 6 "	97¾	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	144	—
Philadelphia	—	138
Far & Mec	58½	59
Commercial	50	51
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	27½	28
Southwark	—	68
P Township	34½	35
Kensington	65	—
Girard	11½	12
Western	67½	70
Man & Mech	—	23
Commerce	63	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	44½	45½
Consolidation	23½	26
Commonwealth	21½	22
Corn Exchange	23½	25
Germantown	55	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—
Exchange	50	—
Kentucky Ky.	103	110
Northern "	—	17½
Louisville "	108½	109½
Farmers "	122½	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	100½
Planters "	—	107½
N O Gas Light	128½	—
Com & R R Bank Wicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	—	22½
Lehigh Zinc	3	1½
New Creek	4	6
New Granada	5	6
N American Ins'noe	14	15
N Liberties Gas	28½	30
Southwark & Frankford R R	56	57
Bonds	—	93½
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	103	103
2nd "	92½	93
stock		
Interest off	43½	42¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1854	95	97
stock	117½	118
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	85	—
mort 6 pr ct	92	93
" '44	78½	77
stock	25¾	26
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	87½	88
stock	40	43
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	25	—
6 pr ct loan '80	102	102¾
Ches Val R R 7s	41½	—
Tioga R R 7s	—	83
Will'mse & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	75
2d "	56½	—
stock	—	10
Catawissa	6	8½
Beaver Meadow stock	35	39½
preferred 10 pr ct	60	—
North Penna R R stock	8	9½
6 pr ct loan	63½	64½
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	33	—
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	61½	—
Har and Lan R R stock	—	30
bonds '85	97	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	28½	30
Long Island R R stock	11	12
bonds	85	85½
Erie R R stock	17½	17½
Hudson River R R	33½	34
N Y Central	83½	83½
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	79½	—
Michigan Southern	19½	20
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	71	—
imp. 6 pr ct	74	76
stock	9	9
preferred	16	17
Lehigh Nav stock	49½	50
mort 6 pr ct	94½	—
scrip "	30	33½
Morris Canal'd preferred	—	97
Ches & Del bonds	87	—
Union bonds	—	77
Sus & Tidewater bonds 1878	2	—
	71½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, December 25, 1858.

Pennsylvania.		Georgia.	
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis		Solvent banks	¼ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis		South Carolina.	
New Jersey.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Alabama.	
Delaware.		Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Mississippi.	
Maryland.		All bks	uncertain
Baltimore	¼ dis	Louisiana.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
New York.		Ohio.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solv bks	½ dis
Maine.		Kentucky.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
New Hampshire.		Indiana.	
Solv bks	½ dis	State bank	½ dis
Vermont.		Illinois.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Connecticut.		Missouri.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Massachusetts.		Tennessee.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Old banks	2 dis
Rhode Island.		Michigan.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Virginia.		Wisconsin.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Dist. of Columbia.		Texas.	
Solv bks	½ to 1½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
North Carolina.		Canada.	
Solv bks	½ to 1½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Dec. 24.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy; sales of 5500 bbls at $4,25@4,40 for State. Wheat quiet; 1600 bush sold—white Kentucky 155. Corn firm; 20,000 bush sold—mixed 76½@77c; new yellow 75c Pork heavy; new Mess $18@18,12. Lard buoyant at 11½@11¾c. Whiskey dull.

COTTON—We quote as follows:

New York Classification.	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	10½	10½	10¾	10¾
Middling	12	12	12½	12¾
Md'ling fair	12½	12½	13	13

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARE, Norwich, Conn.
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S. W. PEASE & CO., 25 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

It is over ten years since this celebrated remedy was introduced to the American public. During this time it has performed hundreds and thousands of the most astonishing cures, and its reputation and sale have now reached a point that far surpasses any remedy of the present or past ages. It has acquired this great reputation, not by a system of puffing, but by the actual merit of the article itself. If you are afflicted with any of the diseases for which it is recommended, such as Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, or Disorder of the Digestive Organs, it will not fail to sustain its reputation in your case. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—This medicine has become an article of commerce—a thing no medicine ever became before. Pain Killer is as much an item in every bale of goods sent to country merchants, as tea, coffee or sugar. This fact speaks volumes in its favor.—*Glens Falls Messenger.*

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER and PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. Thos. W. Bailey, 622 Market Street, Philada. sr11-18t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Nov. by the Rev. A. C. Thomas, Mr. Charles T. Montgomery, to Miss Maria H. Watt, daughter of Jos. Watt, Esq. both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. Joseph A. L. Barber, of Windsor, N. J. to Miss Sallie E. Clair, of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Clark Loudon, Mr. James Lowry, to Miss Eliza J. Wilson, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Calhopper, Mr. Ezekiel Lock, to Miss Mary W. Cloud, both of Camden county, N. J.

On the 1st ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Maddox, Aaron King, to Mary A. Marenbeck, both of this city.

On the 29th of Nov. by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. Robert S. Leithead, to Miss Sarah J. Matley, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. Edward F. Lresen, to Miss Margaret Higbee.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. Robert G. Taylor, to Miss Jane H. Hart, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At her residence, in Burlington county, N. J., on the 16th ultimo, Ann Brunbe, relict of Peter Bruere, in her 80th year.

On the 19th ultimo, Thomas Sheldon, of Marple Township, Del. county, Pa. aged 80 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mr. William McCourt, aged 56 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, aged 43 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Robert H. Patton, aged 39 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mr. Oliver Story, aged 45 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Anthony Morrison, aged 42 years.

On the 19th ultimo, John S. Shepherdly, aged 24 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mrs. Margaret Jane, wife of Jos. S. H. Edmonds.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. Joseph Longhead, aged 74 years.

On the 17th ultimo, Nicholas Helverson, aged 70 years.

On the 18th ultimo, Elizabeth, wife of Charles Williams, aged 54 years.

On the 17th ultimo, Mrs. Sarah Taylor, aged 64 years.

On the 17th ultimo, Mrs. Christiana Jones, aged 92 years.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

About 1300 Beef Cattle were received at the different yards this week, the quality of which was hardly so good, but the prices ranged about the same as last week. The following are some of the sales:—48 Kennedy & McClees, Chester co, $8,50 @10 the 100 lbs; 80 McQuaid, Mooney & Co, Ohio, $8,50@9,75; 36 D W Gemmill, Delaware, $8,50@10; 14 A H Ghaen, Jersey, $7,75@8,25; 80 P Bestinet, Virginia, $8,50@9,25; 35 B Cook & Co, Ohio, $7,50@8; 70 Hutton & Seymour, Virginia, $7,50@9,50; 35 J Keller, Huntingdon co, $8@9,50; 50 Bradley & Fuller, Illinois, $7@8; 103 Cochran & McCall, Chester co, $8@9; 27 Chandler & McFillen, $8@10; 36 Scott & Kimble, Chester co, $8,50@9,50; 11 G Darlington, Md, $8@8,50.

Some 3000 Sheep arrived at Wardell's. The market was brisk, the best selling at $4@5 each, equal to 8@9½c ₱ lb dressed.

About 300 Cows and Calves were also at market there, selling at from $39 to 40 for milch Cows, $20 to 34 for Springers, and $15 to 25 for dry Cows.

Of Hogs, the arrivals at Phillips's were 4150, all of which sold at from $6@7,75 the 100 lbs net.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS

Corrected Weekly.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	a16
Sir loin steak	16	Breast and Neck	6a 8
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	@3 a3½
Cheek pieces	3 a11	Whole carcase	8 a 9
Plates and navels corned	9 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62 a75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	8
Leg, each	2½a37½	Hind "	10
Skin	25 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₱ lb	5 a 6	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₱ lb	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	50	Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	75	Feet, ₱ set	12½a25
Chop, ₱ lb	10 a12	Trips, ₱ lb	4 a 6
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard	10 a12
		Hams, sliced	14 a15
		Bologna sausages	10 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ₱ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Do do, ₱ lb	3 a 5
Sweet potatoes ₱ bas	75a87½	Com pot's, ₱ bus	75a1,00
Cabbages, ₱ head	3 a5	Onions, bus	90
Squashes, ₱ basket	37½a50	Egg plant, each	2 a3
		Turnips ₱ bush	37

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bbl	$1,12 a1,37½	Apples ₱ bf pk	25 a31

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, ₱ pair	50 a 87	Pheasants	1,25
Grouse	1,00	Partridges	75a75
Teal ₱ pair	62 a1,00	Chickens, ₱ lb	10 a12½
Canvas-Backed	1,50	Prairie do	$1,00
Wild Duck ₱ pr	75	Rabbits apiece	10 a12½
Red Head	1,00		

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₱ bbl	2,50 a3,75	Morris River Cove, ₱ M	10,00 a12,00
Do. ₱ M	16,00a20,00	N Y do, ₱ bbl, 10,00 @3,00	
		Terrapins	$10,00a14,00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	33 a40	Blue Fish, lb	12
Roll "	28 a30	Shad do, lb	12
Eggs, doz	20 a20	Mackerel	16
Codfish	5 a 5	Sm'k'd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	a 5	Sausage meat ₱ roll	12½
Halibut, lb	12½		

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts have been comparatively light, in consequence of the close of canal navigation, but this fact has exerted no influence upon prices, as the stock on hand is far in excess of the demand. There has been very little inquiry for export, and the demand for home consumption has been of a restricted character. The sales for export comprise 400 bbls superfine at $5,12½ ₱ bbl; 1500 bbls W B Thomas at $5,25; 200 bbls Broad St Mills at $5,37½; 650 bbls extra at $5,37½@5,62½; 600 bbls extra family at $6@6,12½; 500 half bbls on private terms, and 200 bbls, a fancy lot, at $7,25 ₱

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1859.

MONTHS.	Sunday, 1st Day.	Monday, 2d Day.	Tuesday, 3d Day.	Wednesday, 4th Day.	Thursday, 5th Day.	Friday, 6th Day.	Saturday, 7th Day.
JANUARY, 1st Month.	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29
FEBRUARY, 2d Month.	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22	2 9 16 23	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26
MARCH, 3d Month	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26
APRIL, 4th Month	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30
MAY, 5th Month	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28
JUNE, 6th Month.	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25
JULY, 7th Month.	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30
AUGUST, 8th Month.	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27
SEPTEMBER, 9th Month.	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24
OCTOBER, 10th Month.	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29
NOVEMBER, 11th Month.	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26
DECEMBER, 12th Month.	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31

MARRYING AT RANDOM.

The "local" of the Buffalo *Republic* tells the following very good 'un, or rather *bad* one, as we think:

"One of our Justices of the Peace was called, yesterday afternoon, to go to a German house in the city, and marry a couple. Putting on a clean collar, and putting a marriage certificate in his pocket, he started for the festive scene. Arrived at the house, under the direction of a blue-legged little boy, who pointed out the place, he knocked and went in. In the middle of the floor stood a stout German girl, sorry and plump, her blue eyes rolling out tears as large as butter-pats. 'What's the matter?' said the sympathetic Justice. 'Matter,' said the girl. 'Dat Gotlieb wend off, and wouldn't marry me, ain't it?' The Justice said he supposed it was, and intimated that he had come to marry some one, and requested the old lady to bring on the lambs to the sacrifice. Old lady said, 'dare vos no lambs—Gotlieb ish run off and vill not marry my Katarina.' 'Well,' said the Justice, 'Gotlieb isn't the only man there is—send for some other man to marry her.' At this Katarina's face brightened up, and she ejaculated, 'Yah—dat is goot—send mit Hans.' Hans was sent for, but couldn't come. When her messenger returned, Katarina, determined not to give it up, said, 'Send mit Shoseph.' Shoseph was sent for, but he couldn't be found.

Katarina's heart fell at this news, and the Justice was growing impatient. Just then Katarina looked out of the wisdow and saw a short and thick young German going by, when she rushed to the door and hallooed—'Fritz—Fritz!' Fritz shortly made his appearance at the door, when Katarina's mother said, 'Fritz, you lofs my Katarina?' Fritz *allowed* he did, more as sauerkrout. 'Then stand up here,' thundered the Justice; and before Fritz could realize his position, he was man and wife, and Katarina's arms were around his neck, and her lips pressed to his, she crying between the calisthenics, 'mein husband—mein Fritz.' Our duty as a correct historian compels us to say that Fritz hugged back as well as he knew how. The Justice, with head erect, stepped smilingly out, leaving the lovers to themselves, and walked away meditatively, a holy calm stealing all over his massive proportions, the consciousness of having done his duty gleaming in his eye, and honor, honesty and rectitude in his footstep."

THE SEA AT GREAT DEPTHS.—Popular ideas with segard to sinking of bodies in the sea, have heretofore been vague; for the reason, perhaps, that the laws which govern this descent, and which are derived from the well-known laws of fluids, have never been fully defined in their application to the depths of the ocean. Some imagine that ships which founder at sea sink to a certain depth, and there float about until broken to pieces, or thrown upon some bank beneath the sea; and, indeed, a certain writer in England has published a book sustaining this absurd notion. Others, again, believe that the buoyant force of the water at great depths is enormous, and due to the whole pressure of the column of water above, and that all bodies which are lighter than water at the surface, will, if sunk to the bottom and detached from the sinker, shoot upward with a great velocity; or, in other words, that the density of the water increases directly with the depth. These views are erroneous. It is true that pressure increases with the depth, to the amount of 15 pounds upon every square inch for every 34 feet in depth: but the density is not thereby sensibly increased, owing to the incompressibility of the water; so that neither the buoyant force, nor the resistance to the motion of any body, are sensibly increased from the surface to the bottom. At the depth of 3,000 fathoms, for instance, the pressure upon a square inch is nearly 8,000 pounds, but the column of 18,000 feet of water is only shortened about 60 feet; the density is thus but slightly increased; but the effect of this enormous pressure upon compressible bodies, as air, wood, &c., is to condense them into a smaller bulk, by which they may be rendered heavier than water, and will sink of their own weight. A piece of wood cannot float at the bottom of the sea, but a very slight extraneous force will bring it to the surface.—*Sill. Jour.*

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POCKET ALMANAC.

This fancy instrument is about the size of a Twenty Dollar Gold Coin, beautifully ornamented with chased engraving, of various designs, and richly gilt, to resemble gold. It is so constructed that by adjusting the first day of the month, you can tell at an instant's glance, the day of the month and week, and answers for not only a year, but for all coming time. It is now in great demand, and is a

PRETTY POCKET-PIECE;

while its practical utility has made it a Universal Favorite, with both Ladies and Gentlemen. Thousands are purchased as GIFTS FOR FRIENDS.

One side of this Beautiful Little Favorite is splendidly engraved with appropriate designs, which renders it *peculiarly* attractive as a Pocket Memento. On the reverse side, is the useful and mechanical arrangement of the Almanac, quite simple in its operation, but *correct and very convenient.*

Notice a few of the hundreds of Recommendations, which have been volunteered it by some of the most popular Newspapers and Journals in the Union. The praises given it by our patrons are almost innumerable.

Philadelphia Ledger.—Always right for every year.

Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia.—will prove useful.

American Banner, Philada.—No business man should be without it.

American Courier, Philada.—Always right for every year

Daily News, Philada.—Besides being a pretty pocket-piece, it is very useful.

Pittsburg Dispatch.—Everybody should be one.

Pittsburg Daily.—We are indebted for one of these handsome pocket-pieces.

Rambler, Philada.—Is neatly got up, and worthy of attention from the public.

Pennsylvania Inquirer.—The conceit is about the completest we have ever seen.

Weekly Globe, Washington, D. C.—It is a neat and ingenious little affair.

Evening Star, Washington.—Everyone ought to have it. Is always right.

Hartford (Conn.) Daily Courant.—Is just the thing for a pocket-piece. A judicious souvenir

Miner's Journal, Pottsville, Pa.—A very neat ornamental pocket piece.

Hampshire Gazette, Northampton, Ma.—The best thing we have ever seen in the Almanac line.

United States Journal, N. Y.—Utility and neatness combined—really a useful institution

Monthly Rainbow, Philada.—One of the most convenient and elegant affairs of this inventive age.

Saturday Evening Express, Lancaster, P.—One of the most useful pocket conveniences we have ever used.

American Chronicle, Hagerstown, Md.—Always right.

Fishkill Standard, N. Y.—It will be found like a watch, indispensable.

Advertiser (Ripley) Miss.—A neat and ingenious little affair.

Fulton Ledger, Ill.—Time is money, and we put the thing in our pocket.

Capitol City Fact, Columbus, O.—One of the neatest things, makes a pretty pocket-piece—no one will question its utility.

Fireside Visitor, Philada.—An excellent conceit, resembling a $20 gold piece.

Citizen Democrat, Carrollton, O.—Indispensable to the business man; is very suitable as memento.

Dayton Daily Empire, O.—Beautiful ornamented with engraving, of various designs

American Sentinel, Plattsburg, N. Y.—It must be a universal favorite with both ladies and gentlemen.

Ethical Companion, Ocala, Fa.—I take pleasure in recommending it to the public as one of the most useful, neatest and cheapest little inventions we have ever seen.

Cincinnati Daily Times.—A pretty pocket-piece, and combines beauty with practicability.

Danville Advertiser, Ind.—A convenience which may well be styled "Something New."

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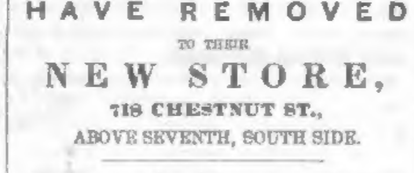

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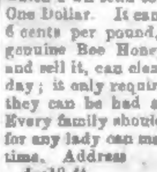
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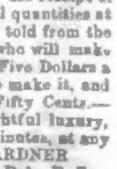
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ONE OF THE LODGING HOUSES.

One of our citizens, who loves his joke about as well as folks usually do, had occasion to visit one of the small towns in the interior of the State, and knowing he would have considerable walking over muddy roads, he took with him a pair of long rubber boots. He arrived at his destination about nine o'clock in the evening, and upon inquiry he found the only tavern in the place was half a mile from the station. No conveyance was to be had, and the road was muddy in the extreme. Congratulating himself on having his long boots, he set off, and found the mud in some spots so deep, his boots were barely long enough. He reached the hotel at last, looking rather soiled about the feet. After supper, he inquired the charge for lodgings.

"We usually charge," answered the landlord, who also had some fun in his composition, "twenty-five cents; but if a man goes to bed with such boots as them on," (pointing to his customer's feet) "we charge him fifty cents."

"A very goodides, I should think," returned the traveller.

After half an hour's conversation, the landlord showed him to his room, and they parted for the night, mutually pleased with each other. The next morning, our friend arose late, and inquiring for the landlord, learned that he was gone from home to attend to some business. After breakfast, he handed a dollar to the landlord's wife, saying:

"There is fifty cents for my supper and breakfast, and fifty cents for my lodging."

"Twenty-five cents is all we charge for lodging," said the landlady.

"Yes," returned the traveller, "under ordinary circumstances! but in this case fifty cents is not too much."

The stranger departed, and the lady was deep in conjecture as to what could be the circumstance which required a man to pay double price for lodgings, when her husband returned.

"Has that man who slept in the front chamber come down yet?" he asked.

"Yes," answered his wife, "and he has gone away. He paid fifty cents for his lodging, and said, under the circumstances, it was right."

"The deuce he did!" exclaimed the landlord, rushing up stairs. His wife followed, to learn the meaning of such strange proceedings, and found her husband with the bed clothes turned down, and her best bed looking more fit to plant potatoes in than for any human being to sleep in.

"You saw that man when he came here last night?" said her husband.

"Yes."

"You saw his boots, didn't you!"

"Yes."

"Well," said the landlord, "the infernal cuss slept in 'em."

A few days after, the traveller, on his return home, put up again at the same tavern. Neither himself nor the landlord said anything about the boots, which were in about the same condition as on the previous occasion; but the landlord looked daggers at him, and eyed his boots with much anxiety. About ten o'clock, he said he would retire. "And, by the way, landlord," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "what do you usually charge for lodgings?"

"We charge," answered the landlord, with a most tremendous emphasis, "twenty-five cents!"

Paying for his Companions.—The following rich joke is related of the eccentric Lord Fairfax, who was a Swedenborgian:

"He was once crossing the Potomac at Alexandria in a ferry boat, and during his passage the ferryman heard him muttering to himself and talking with the air of one who was carrying on a conversation with others; curiosity prompted the man to ask an explanation of his singular proceedings; whereupon Lord Fairfax, with great politeness and serenity, replied that he was 'conversing with Peter and Paul.' Upon reaching the bank, he offered the ferryman the amount demanded of a single passenger, but that worthy demurred. As Peter and Paul had been in the boat, he said it was no more than right that his Lordship should pay for his friends, inasmuch as circumstances did not permit him, the ferryman, to demand of those gentlemen what they owed him. To this facetious view Fairfax readily assented; no doubt it pleased his eccentric taste, of which a species of grim humor was a marked characteristic. He paid for Peter and Paul, his friends."

Very Sound View of the Effect of Fighting.—Barret White, of the Green River country, as Kentuckians express it, was one of those rare men of which every country has something like him, but not identical. Big emotions, irrepressible humor, and rough, ill-connected, grammar-killing sentences were the chief exponents of this singular man. One day he and a friend were discoursing lustily on the morality of fighting. White brought down, with all his rude strength, his sledge-hammer logic in the following animated appeal: "Relativ," says White, "to that of a rassel or a tussel, what's the issue when it's brought to a test? Perhaps you'll throw a friend down—tear his clothes; you create an everlasting *pre ju-di-ce*, an' thar is an *en-d* of it. I'll be hanged if I'd do it, *at all!*"

Tit For Tat.—Word was sent by Mr. H——, a defeated candidate, to a married lady, who was supposed to have changed the expected vote of her husband on election day to the opposite party, to the following effect:—"Go and tell Mrs. F—— that I will send her, by the first opportunity, a pair of pantaloons for her political services." "Go and tell Mr. H——," was the reply, "to send them along at once. Don't forget to tell him that I want a new pair—not a pair that his wife has half worn out."

☞ No Wonder!—A Japanese nobleman, upon being shown a fashion plate in an American magazine, was much startled and exclaimed: "How very fat your women are!"

CAN TRAVEL LIKE PIZEN.

The electric telegraph is bound to remain a mystery to the million, and the ludicrous conceptions of its *modus operandi*, which some of the most ignorant people have formed, are as mirth-provoking as anything out of Rabelais or Smollett. The last illustration of this that has fallen under our eyes, is the following story from the Pittsburg Journal:—

Not long since, an old lady entered O'Reilly's office in this city, and said she had a message to send to Wheeling. In a few minutes her note was deposited in a dumb waiter, and ascended in a mysterious manner through the ceiling.

"Is that going straight to Wheeling," inquired the old lady, with her eyes bent upon the ceiling.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the clerk.

"I never was there," continued she, "but it hardly seems possible that their town lies in that direction. When will I get an answer, Mr. Telegraph?"

"I can scarcely tell, ma'am; it may be two or three hours."

The old lady went away, and returned in exactly two hours. Just as she entered the door the dumb waiter came down through the ceiling.

"There is your answer, ma'am," said the clerk.

The old lady took the neat yellow envelope in her hands, with a smile of mingled gratification and astonishment.

"Now that beats all," exclaimed she, "Bless my heart. All the way from Wheeling, and the wafer still wet. That's an awkward looking box—but it can travel like pizen."

Clay and Randolph.—Mr. Clay was the Speaker of the House of Representatives. John Randolph was addressing the House, or rather the Speaker, in earnest debate on one of the political questions of the day. To illustrate his views on some point, he commenced drawing a picture of an ambitious young man of questionable morals, aspiring after distinction, and began to give a sketch of his singular career in life, when the Speaker interrupted him, and called him *to order*, on the ground that his remarks were *personal*. Mr. Randolph disclaimed all personality, and appealed from the decision of the chair to the House. The House, of course, sustained the Chair. Mr. Randolph rose, and resumed his speech in his usual peculiar voice—

"*Mr. Speaker*, I was drawing a picture—the Speaker has applied it to himself—and the House have *confirmed the application!*" when peals of laughter from every side again arrested his speech.

Useful Receipts.

To Raise the Pile on Velvet.—We are sometimes asked "What is the best thing to do with a velvet mantle after it has been in the rain?" Velvet that is rough and knotty, from rain spots and splashes, can be rendered smooth again by thoroughly damping the back of it, and then passing the back of the velvet over a hot iron—the velvet, remember, must be passed over the iron, and not the iron over the velvet. The heat converts the water into steam, which *rises* through the pile, and so separates every filament. Some contrivance must be made to hold the iron upside down while the velvet is passed over it. If rested between two bricks covered with flannel, it will do very well; but if the same pair of hands that carried the umbrella over the mantle when it was out in the rain can be secured for that office, they will be found suitable. S. P.

Cutting Butter in Cold Weather.—To cut a slice of butter from a large roll in cold weather, first dip the knife in hot water, and all trouble of breaking the butter will be avoided. M. D. M.

To Keep Meat Frozen.—After the meat is frozen, I tie in papers and pack in a flour barrel with clean straw, pushing the straw down tightly with a thin lath. I then put the barrel in a box, five or six inches larger than the barrel every way, and fill the space with dry sawdust. Last winter I kept meat thus in fine condition until April.

To Keep Your Feet Warm.—Like the gnarled oak that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet warm and dry, and we can snap our finger at disease and doctors. Put on two pair of thick woolen stockings, but keep this to yourself; go to some honest son of St. Crispin, and have your measure taken for a stout pair of winter boots or shoes; shoes are better for ordinary, every day use, as they allow the ready escape of the odors, while they strengthen the ankles by accustoming them to depend on themselves. A very slight accident is sufficient to cause a sprained ankle to a habitual boot wearer. Besides, a shoe compresses less, and hence admits of a more vigorous circulation of the blood. But wear boots when you ride or travel. Give directions, also, to have no cork or India rubber about the soles, but to place between the layers of the soles, from out to out, a piece of stout hemp or tow linen which has been dipped in melted pitch. This is absolutely impervious to water—does not absorb a particle—while we know that cork does, and after awhile becomes "soggy" and damp for weeks. When you put them on for the first time, they will be as easy as an "old shoe," and you may stand on damp places for hours with impunity. Persons who dislike taking medicine, and paying doctors' bills, will do well to try the virtues of this advice.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

To Prevent Cabbages from Growing to Long Shanks.—To secure true solid heads on those stalks that manifest a disposition to grow to what are commonly known as "long shanks," take a penknife and stab it through the stalk, about the middle; insert a small piece of wood to keep the incision open, which will check the growth. By doing this a good head of cabbage may be secured on every stalk.—*Genesee Farmer.*

☞ It is easy to cut up a *dead* elephant.—*African Proverb.*

CHARLIE QUIET AT LAST.

Mamma.—"I wonder where that child, Charlie, is—he is very quiet. I hope he is not in mischief."

Lucy.—"Oh, no, mamma, dear! He's not in mischief, for he is in the library, playing with the pens and ink."

Agricultural.

PRUNING FRUIT TREES.

From the London Gardener's Chronicle.

"What can I do with my apple trees?" asks a Suffolk correspondent; "they are old trees in an old orchard. At one time their fruit was good and fit for market; but now, and for many years past, they are cankered and mossy, and weak, and their fruit is for the most part unsaleable. My gardener says that this has been caused by neglect of pruning scientifically. Is this so? What is meant by pruning scientifically? I am rather afraid of so great a word from the mouth of a man, who, although a worthy young fellow, seems to me to have nothing scientific about him. And, besides, I remember being told when in Normandy that although the fruit trees in that apple country when pruned upon scientific principles were beautiful specimens of art, yet that they had the fault of bearing very little fruit."

We fear that our Suffolk friend will find little favor in the eyes of these gardeners who believe that all manner of virtue resides in a pruning knife and narrow saw, and whose greatest pride is to cut their trees into wonderfully regular forms. And yet he is justified in his apprehensions; for there can be no doubt that more harm is done by overpruning, which is too often meant by "scientific" pruning, than can arise from leaving trees to the undisturbed operation of natural processes. In the latter case indeed fruit may be small and bad; but in the former it is as likely to be altogether absent, while the health of trees is irretrievably ruined.

There is no branch of gardening in which inexperienced or fanciful persons do more harm than in pruning. They seem to forget that fruit trees are grown for the sake of their fruit and not as objects of decoration, and that three ends, and three only, are to be gained by the operation; that is to say, increase of quantity, improvement of quality, and better ripening. Nothing but skillful pruning will effect these purposes; unskillful, in which is to be included unnecessary pruning, has a directly opposite tendency. In short, the golden rule in this case is *not to prune at all if it can be avoided.* Pruning, however, is unavoidable; but it should be had recourse to as little as possible. As to overpruning, it is, we repeat, far worse than no pruning at all. One thing is certain, that the more Apple trees are pruned the less they bear; and the same may be said of Pear trees.

The author of one of our best practical works, having described how an Apple tree should be managed for the first three or four years, remarks, "after this nothing more will be necessary than to look them (the trees) over from time to time, *cutting out carefully any superabundant branches* that may appear, particularly those which have a tendency to injure the proper figure of the head, or are likely to become stronger than the rest: these latter, if suffered to remain, will injure any description of tree, whether it be a standard, an espalier, or whether it be trained against a wall." (*Guide to the Orchard*, p. 118.) This is the best advice that can be given to those who have the management of Apple trees in an orchard. It is like the worthy Mr. Glasse's instructions to "let them alone." But our Suffolk correspondent's trees are in a state of ruin. They seem to be like the Devonshire trees, which Mr. Belfield describes with "heads tangled and matted together, so as to set both sun and air at defiance; live wood struggling for existence amongst the dead, and all hoary with moss and premature old age."

With such trees the pruning knife and saw must be used unsparingly; and if that is what our Suffolk correspondent's gardener means by "scientifically," we agree with him. Not that there is much science in the operation. The *first* thing to do is to cut down to the quick every dead branch, limb, or spur; they can do no good and are mischievous on account of the interruption they offer to sun and air, which are as necessary to the tree as to the gardener. Until this has been done, live wood should remain untouched. *Secondly*, as soon as the dead wood is gone, and the gardener can see *distinctly* what he has to work upon, he should prune out every shoot that whips or crosses or rubs against another, so as to leave plenty of room between the shoots: a foot is not too much. In doing this the weakest shoots should be removed. *Thirdly*, all the thinning having been done, the end of each branch should be stopped by removing more or less of it, according to its strength. *Fourthly*, after the stopping, all loose bark and moss should be scraped off the branches and main stem, with the blade of an old hoe or some such blunt edge, and the scrapings should be burnt. In this way alone can insects and their eggs be destroyed with certainty. Such scraping can do no harm; and in addition to the removal of insects, it enables the tree to breathe more freely; a very important matter, for the living bark is as much a portion of an apple tree's lungs as the leaves are. This done, skill can go no further, and it is only necessary afterwards to leave the tree to its own vital powers; watching, however, how the new shoots grow, and cutting out from time to time, all such as in any way whip, chafe or cross each other.

In these remarks the state of the soil is not noticed. If, however, there is any doubt about its being thoroughly drained, that also must be carefully looked to, for no apple trees can retain their health in waterlogged ground.—Neither can they prosper when soil is exhausted of all its nutritive matter. When that is the case, weak manure, such as plenty of decayed leaf-mould, burnt weeds, or any similar material should be employed. Strong ammoniacal manure is to be avoided.

PAINT UP THE IRON TOOLS.

The action of the weather upon farm implements, when they are not protected, we have found, by experience, to do nearly as much, and sometimes more, towards their destruction than the wear and tear. Ploughs, cultivators and such like tools, are in use only in the warmer parts of the season. During the winter they lie unused by their owners, but, unless protected sufficiently, the weather uses them pretty hard. The farmer's use of them is severe at times, but it is occasional and interrupted. The weather's use of them is constant, uninterrupted, either by day or by night: every moment of time the action of the elements, heat and cold, expands and contracts, moisture pervades and rusts them, and oxygen combines with them, and forms coat after coat of rust, corroding and rusting them away. It will be a good plan during some of the spare moments of winter time, say of a stormy day, to overhaul them, clean them up, and cover the iron parts with paint, and the wood parts, too.

A mixture of sulphur and linseed oil boiled together with or without any coloring matter, is a good application. We also find the following recommended by an exchange paper, which will make a good covering:

Take of coal-tar two parts; common beeswax one part; clarified beef's tallow two parts; linseed oil one part; spirits turpentine one part; and fuse the whole over a slow fire. When liquified, stir in lampblack, or any other coloring matter that may be desired, and apply while warm. Ploughs, wheels, harrows, crowbars, cultivators, and indeed any other farming implements, constructed either wholly or in part of iron, should receive a coating of this every fall. It fills the pores and prevents all possibility of corrosion.—*Maine Farmer.*

The "Hollow Horn."—A Tompkins county correspondent writes as follows to the Frankfort Yeoman:

The disease of cattle known as "hollow horn," is causing an annual loss to be estimated by millions of dollars in this State alone. This disease is spinal, caused by the hide of the animal adhering to the bone of the back, and preventing circulation, and may be cured as follows:

Rub with the hands with as much force and friction as possible, the hide of the animal, on the back bone, from the tail to the horns, thereby restoring circulation.

Every animal should be examined and subjected to the process every February and March to prevent this disease.

[Note.—Rather, gather up the skin with grasps of the hand, and thus loosen it, all along the back bone, every week or two. So, a noted old cow-doctor instructed us to do. Don't mind the cow's bending.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*

PAVEMENTS.

Paths about farm-houses and barn-yards will be hard and clean at all seasons if properly paved with pebbles or other small stones. For the benefit of such readers as are tired of mud, we propose to explain the manner of working causeways or paved footpaths.

The width of a causeway must depend on its importance. Three feet and a half will barely allow two persons to pass each other. Four or five feet is not too wide for ordinary purposes.

The first thing is to lay out the ground, care being taken to secure uniform width and straightness, or such curves only as convenience may require. A path should not be laid absolutely level; there should be an inclination of one or two inches to the rod, to facilitate drainage. The next step is to excavate the soil, especially if clayey or retentive of moisture, to the depth of a foot or more. Should the natural soil be a coarse sand or gravel any excavation is unnecessary. This excavation is usually filled to the height of six or eight inches with broken stones or pieces of brick, in order to make a good drainage. At the lower end of the path there should be left some means for the escape of water from this layer of stones. A row of large flat stones are set on their edge by the line as curb stones, on each side of the proposed pathway. These are sometimes put in before the broken stone foundation, and this is the better way when the stones are large enough. If, when the earth was removed, the sides were left properly true, the curbstones are set against the bank, and their upper edge at the uniform height it is intended the causeway shall be made. The space for the path is then filled to within three or four inches of the top of the curb-stones with good, clean sand. This is left higher in the centre than at the sides, the difference being about an inch for each foot of width of the path. Stones for a pavement to be used by foot passengers only, need not be larger than a man's fist; such as are long or oval are better than the round. In setting them the paver works from himself, sitting on a seat or piece of sheepskin upon the work that is finished. Every stone is set endwise, the larger end uppermost. They are placed so as to touch and fit as closely as possible, and the sand is well drawn to the bottom, so that they may stand firmly. The only tool used by the paver, is a small pick or stone-hammer, which, however, is used but little. When the work has progressed a few yards, it is rammed, a quantity of sand having first been scattered over it, and swept about in every direction, to fill the spaces between the stones. The rammer used is made from a log of ten inches in diameter at the larger end, and two and a half feet in length. Into the small end a hole is bored down the heart of the log to the depth of 2 inches, with an inch and a quarter auger; into this hole a good peg is driven, leaving out six inches for a handle. Another hole is bored at right angles to the first, a foot from the little end of the log, and the other hand is driven in. With this two-handed rammer, weighing forty or fifty pounds, the pavement is settled steadily and uniformly until the stones which were set some inches high in the centre, are brought almost on a level with the edges. When this is done, the path is compacted together like an arch, and will remain a life-time without settling or wearing into inequality. Where pebbles can be obtained of different colors, it is possible to set them in a manner quite ornamental; the whole pathway may be made to represent a variety of geometrical figures. The same plan may be adopted for small yards or spaces, in front of all sorts of buildings, and thus a good footing may be obtained for man or beast. For places over which loaded carriages have to pass, it is necessary to use larger stones than are required for a foot-path merely. Let the purpose for which the pavement is designed be understood and it can easily be adapted to any amount of pressure. For many places, especially about roads, the stone pavement has immense advantages over any other condition of the surface. If our friends would only make the trial of pavements, we are satisfied they would never afterwards consent to wallow in any "slough of despond."—*Ohio Farmer.*

Bruised Grain for Horses.—Mr. Chalter, one of the veterinary Surgeons employed by the Compagnie des Voitures of Paris, has written a letter to the *Constitutionnel*, in which he states the results of his own experience as regards the English system of feeding horses with bruised oats and barley. It appears from his observations that these kinds of grain ought not, when bruised, to be given alone; the horses eat the mixture too greedily—they do not chew it sufficiently, and the consequence is that it is not well digested. But when the food of bruised grain is well mixed with that of chopped hay, the horses are equally fond of it; they then chew it well, incorporate it in the saliva, and the digestion is therefore perfect. But care must be had not to diminish the rations too soon; nor should barley be substituted too suddenly for oats, the former being less easily digested than the latter; otherwise the horse grow lean, and lose their strength.

To Cure Poll Evil.—I will give a permanent cure, which has been tried in many cases, at every stage, and if judiciously attended to a short time, is universally successful:—One oz. of spirits hartshorn, 1 oz. spirits camphor, 1 oz. spirit turpentine, 1 oz. laudanum, 1 oz. sweet oil—or in this proportion. The whole put in a bottle, the oil and hartshorn first, and it matters not which of the others succeed.—Shake before using. If applied previous to breaking, rub well with the hand; if after, pour a potion on the affected part once a day. I cured one of my own (the most revolting case I ever saw) which remained sound some 12 or 15 years, or during the life of the animal.—*Canada Corns. Rural New Yorker.*

☞ There are exceptions to every rule but the rule of three; that is never changed. As your income is to your expenditure, so will the amount of your debts be to your cash in hand, and your consequent ability to meet them.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 6, 4, 32, 5, 11, 12, were priests of the Celtic inhabitants of ancient Gaul and Britain.

My 21, 32, 13, 9, 29, 36, 7, 34, 22, is believed to be the first inventor of the art of printing with movable types.

My 30, 27, 33, 18, was the assumed name of Von Auersberg, an Austrian count.

My 14, 10, 8, 15, was an eminent English judge.

My 35, 39, 19, 26, 37, was bishop of Calcuttia.

My 28, 40, 16, 1, 18, 30, is an admired American author.

My 3, 5, 16, 11, 32, 31, was the ancient name of a lofty range of mountains in northern Greece.

My 24, 5, 17, 24, 23, is an ornament for the head.

My 33, 39, 8, 2, 27, 38, 25, is a small gentle horse.

My 5, 6, 36, 31, was one of the three epochs or divisions of the ancient Roman month.

My 18, 7, 2, 34, 32, 29, 15, was in Roman mythology the deity who presided over the sea.

My whole is a proverb of Dr. Franklin's.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 18, 12, 32, 26, was an English poet.

My 25, 13, 5, 1, 2, 8, 20, was an English poet.

My 10, 26, 9, 28, is an American poet.

My 15, 16, 27, 21, 25, was a Scotch poet.

My 4, 29, 17, 11, 2, 1, is an American poet.

My 10, 22, 14, 30, 3, was an English novelist.

My 6, 19, 31, 22, 17, 4, was an English poet.

My 15, 7, 18, 26, 9, 24, is an American poet.

My whole was an event of great importance to the American people. S. J. C.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 6, 21, 22, 13, is a city in Europe.

My 6, 9, 12, 21, is a sound.

My 10, 19, 17, 16, 6, is a heathen deity.

My 12, 18, 15, 3, is a musical instrument.

My 20, 10, 3, 12, 18, 22, 17, is a celebrated painter.

My 3, 6, 11, 13, 15, is one of the apostles.

My 8, 2, 16, 20, is a heavenly body.

My 14, 18, 5, 23, is a tropical fruit.

My 22, 10, 1, 19, is part of a ship.

My 3, 21, 3, 4, is a celebrated poet.

My 4, 4, 17, is a kind of fish.

My whole is a celebrated building in Europe.

Covington, Ky. SHIRLEY.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first a berry rich is seen,
When fields and woods are gay,
Glowing with crimson-purple sheen,
Along the school-boy's way.
My second hides 'neath many a rose,
And as we grasp the prize,
We find that flowers can stings disclose,
And pleasure ends in sighs.
My whole when spring first wakes the dells,
Hangs out white blossoms fair,
And in the flower language tells,
Of Hope, the charm of care.

EMILY.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

In the forest my first abounds;
In the rivers you will find my second.
On my first my whole you will find;—
A little animal it is reckoned.

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Without my first you would not do,
My second we our relatives call,
My whole is an article in use,
Which is used daily by nearly all.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

ANAGRAMS ON CITIES.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Near the.	E seen.
She ant.	Tried Bones.
Rule James.	A club.
Planes.	F Stable.
Leg Bread.	An heap.
I ride bark.	An rove.
Toil rip!	Rays.

PETER A. B.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

There is a road of 68 feet across, (on quite level ground we suppose.) On the side of it formerly stood a high pole, even 127 feet 6 inches high; but by a violent gust of wind it was broken some distance from the ground, and falling straight across the road, without slipping at the broken place, its extreme top just struck the ground on the other side of the road. Can you tell me at what height from the ground it broke? and the length of the broken off piece?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotaersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is it easier to be a clergyman than a physician? Ans.—Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

☞ If a policeman detect men stealing, what ought he to do, and yet not do? Ans.—Stop 'em in it—(stop a minute.)

☞ What did the feather, when it first sprouted, say to the duck? Ans.—I'm *down* on you this time.

☞ Why cannot a deaf man be legally condemned for murder? Ans.—Because the law says no man can be condemned without a hearing.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

Miscellaneous Enigma.—Truth is stranger than fiction. Geographical Enigma—General Winfield Scott. Charade—Goldsmith. Charade—Artemas Martin (Ah-tem-mas-martin). Anagrams—Menard, Wappellow, Muscatine, Monroe, Andrew, Des Moines, Edgar, Whitesides, Benton, Fremont, Mahaska, Bancroft.—Problem—The longer right-angled side 60, the shorter right-angled side 45, the hypothenuse 75.

It's odd how hats expand their brims as riper years invade,
As if when life had reached its noon, it wanted them for shade. —*Dr. Holmes.*